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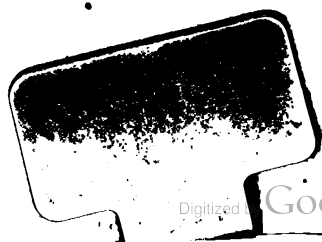
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BELFEGOR.

Satan.—"But, Pug, since you do burn with such desire
"To do the commonwealth of hell some service;
"I am content, assuming of a body,
"You go on earth, and visit men."
The Devil is an Ass.



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ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author of the following trifle, as the reader will at once perceive, has taken the idea of his story, (if story it may be called) from the *Novella di Belfegor*, of the famous *Nicolas Macchiavelli*.

BELFEGOR.

SEARCHING of late the legends old
Which ancient Chroniclers have told,
Of pious Saints, and Martyr's hoary,
And other worthies famed in story,
Whose miracles alarmed Old Nick,
And made him sour and splenetic :
A musty parchment met my view,
Of sulph'rous scent, and dingy hue,
Inscribed to good St. Mildred's fame
Since first the Devil to his shame,
On finding the fair Saint at prayers,
Puffed out her candle unawares,
Which God's bright angel in a fit
Of holy gallantry, relit.*

* *St. Mildred.* "Shee was so diligently garded with God's
angell attending upon her, that when the divell (finding her at praiera)
had put out the candall that was before her, the angell forthwith
lighted it unto her again."—*W. Lambard's Perambulation through Kent.*
1570.

When in the fire about to toss
This legend, to the world's great loss,
(For mangre all its pious mystery
I relished not the drowsy history)
I found beneath its monkish lore,
Strange characters the parchment bore,
And was in fact a palimpsest*
Too precious to be Vulcan's guest.

Disposed in many a formal square,
Of arrowy shape the letters were—
Begot, it is believed, when tipsy
Upon a geometric gipsy
By one of Chaldee origin,
Who thus abducted from her kin
A grave isoceles triangle.†

Much do the learned doubt and wrangle
About the way the letters should
Be read, to make them understood,

* See Note at Page 20.

† The form of these singular characters, the element of which is to be found in the isoceles triangle, or wedge, will sufficiently explain the allusion in the text. Those at Persepolis, being cut in the marble monuments, are more definite in form than the inscriptions at Babylon, which are rudely stamped on bricks; it is to the former therefore, the name of *arrow-headed characters*, bears more particular reference.

Since right to left, or left to right,
 Or perpendicular, is quite
 A matter undetermined yet
 Respecting this strange alphabet.*
 Persepolis's "marble waste"
 Has forms like these upon it traced,
 And bricks, and rocks, are sculptur'd thus
 At Babylon, Nineveh, and Shus;
 But whether Cufic, or Chaldee,
 Or Syriac, is the proper key,
 The "*Open Sesame*," to shew
 The glorious treasures hid below,
 Let grave philologists expound,—
 Though little they, as yet, have found;
 Their alphabetical flirtation,
 Having led to nothing but vexation,
 Since changing still beneath their labours,
 The forms, like those on Vathek's sabres,
 Vary at every turn their shape
 To let the hidden sense escape.†

* *Della Valle*—*Lichtenstein*—*Grotefend*, and others, contend that this alphabet should be read from left to right: *Tychsen & Münter*, from right to left; and *Chardin*, either from left to right, or perpendicularly.

† The admirers of Mr. Beckford's magnificent oriental romance, will at once remember the incident alluded to.

Much puzzled that these mystic letters
 Should hold so many heads in fetters,
 Oft causing the imprisoned *nous*
 In labour, to bring forth its mouse ;
 Both day and night, by every aid
 The learned have at large displayed,
 I strove the hidden sense to win
 From the dark mass 'twas buried in—
 Consulting *Hager—Münter—Price—*
De Sacy—Millen—Grotefend, twice,
 With *Lichtenstein*,* and he whose labours,
 Should prosper better than his neighbours
 In this adventure to compel
 The cabalist to break the spell,
 Since it of right to him belongs,
 The Champion of the “ *Unknown tongues*.”†

* See Hager's *Dissertation on the Babylonian Inscriptions*, 1801.
 —Münter's Essay in Danish and German on the same subject.—Price's
Dissertation on the Antiquities of Persepolis, 1825.—*Lettre de M. Sil-*
vestre de Sacy à M. Millen sur les Inscriptions des Monumens Persépoli-
tains, 1803.—Grotefend's *Prævia de Cuneatis, quas vocant, Inscriptionibus*
Persepolitânis legendis et explicandis Relatio, 1800.—And Lichtenstein's
Tentamen Paleographiæ Assyriæ A recent publication states, that Dr.
 Lassen of Bonn, has completely succeeded in decyphering the in-
 scriptions in the arrow-headed character, copied by Niebuhr and other
 travellers from the ruins of Persepolis, the particulars of which, it is
 said, will shortly appear in English.

† The learned Editor of the *Morning Watch*, will pardon this
 playful allusion to the peculiar tenets advocated by the publication

At length—(but how I shall not say,
 Intending at some future day
 A “*big square book*” of portly size,
 Shall tell the learned *whom* to prize)*
 At length the cabalistic scroll
 Began its treasures to unroll,
 Unveiling to my raptured sight
 The secret, hid so long in night.—
 In short, I found the manuscript
 (No doubt in Stygian waters dipped)
 Contained a minute of proceedings
 Held in the *lower* Courts—the pleadings
 Set down at full, with much digression
 On a grave point, which Hell’s black session
 Had warmly argued—such the doubts
 Perplexing both the *inns* and *outs*,
 And keeping them in combat fierce
 For hours engaged at *carte* and *tierce*.

This I shall give the world, to shew
 How matters are arranged below,

he so ably conducts. His dissertation on the “Records and Science of Babylon,” with its ingenious theory respecting the use and purport of the arrow-headed characters; will amply repay the student who seeks for information on this most recondite subject.

* A Royal Duke, on being presented by Gibbon with the 2nd vol. of his immortal history; is said to have exclaimed with evident symptoms of trepidation and disgust, “*What! another big square book!*”

Adding such comments as the text
Requires, where doubtful or perplexed,
As far as the impediments
The tattered manuscript presents
From vermin, damp, or hands unclean,
Will give me leave—since having been
Preserved by the Record Commission,
’Tis therefore in a sad condition.*
St. Mildred’s tale has suffered most
Since mortal Clerks the work engrossed,
Whose living labours pleased the Saint,
Adorned with scrolls and figures quaint ;
But time has made the letters sink,
Being writ with perishable ink.
Not so the record penned below
By Demons in their house of woe,
For they the burning liquid mix
With water from the river Styx,
Which whoso uses, will in vain
Endeavour to extract again.—

* “ More of the Records of England have been destroyed since the Record Commission was first instituted, in 1800 ; than were destroyed during the four previous centuries.”—*Evidence of Sir Thomas Phillips before the Select Committee.*

The writing therefore has defied
All tests the chemic art has tried,
And still, in spite of time, retains
The darkness of its early stains.

Now to my task, which thus is writ:
The Judges of the infernal pit
Were much astonished, as the souls
Of men came down in mighty shoals,
To hear them, one and all, declare
Their wicked wives had sent them there—
That marriage was the root of evil,
The high road leading to the Devil,
Since they, but for its sinful leaven
Had doubtless found their way to heav'n.

The Judges twain,* with some suspicion,
Took down each sinners deposition,
Exchanging now and then a wink,
While shaking from their pens the ink,
And shrugging up their shoulders, when
These facts were sworn to by the men,
Since they the married state had known,
And felt for pangs so like their own!

* Æacus and Rhadamanthus.

E'en Minos too,* Hell's Chancellor,
 To whom the case they did refer,
 Though here and there, some ticklish question
 Would puzzle even *his* digestion,
 Believed it all, if truth must out,
 Though wiser it had been, to-doubt.
 But just then a long suit was pending
 (Which like the labyrinth had no ending)
 Betwixt him and a young centurion,
 One Captain Taurus, whom love's fury in
 Pasiphaë, oh sad disaster,
 Led madly to cornute his master,
 Hoping no doubt, when she this fault did,
 The monarch's horn would be exalted.†
 Besides, although the lock of Nisus
 Megara's city had made *twice*‡ his,
 Through Scilla's perfidy, who cut
 The hair from her dad's occiput,

* I am aware I am confounding, (as many writers have done before me), the two monarchs of this name; but, as Fuseli said, when expostulated with respecting the disproportionate length of a person's foot in one of his pictures:—" *It suits mine poorpus.*"

† "All the workers of iniquity shall be scattered, but my horn shalt thou exalt like the horn of an unicorn."—*Psalms*, c. xcii. v. 10 11.

‡ Once only, I believe, but it must stand, for, as Lord Byron says,—
 "Sometimes
 Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."

(Like Atropos, with Fate's own scissors)
That Minos might be, when 'twas *his*, hers :
Th' impious love which made the daughter
Thus doom her father's head to slaughter,
Awoke his wrath, until he deemed
The sex far other than they seemed.

'Tis true, the Gods with one consent,
Devised a fitting punishment,
And angry at the prank she played,
Had to a *lark* transformed the maid,
From whence, 'tis worthy of remark,
We moderns call such tricks, "*a lark!*"*

Howbeit, the shameless gift which she sent,
Pasiphaë's *crim-con* too, so recent,
Inclined him to prejudicate
Th' important matter in debate,
Although unconsciously no doubt;—
For though no human mind's without
A tinge of prejudice, it will
Be hid from the possessor still,
And like the delving mole, within
The earth, work surely, though unseen.

* Ovid, *Met.* 8.

Thus, while impartially he strove
To act, as should the son of Jove,
And from his mind each passion tear,
The whispering Demon still was there,
To warp his judgment, and impart
To it, the bias of the heart.

But to proceed.—He gravely weighed
All that the *puisse* Judges said,
Together with each separate statement
On which so many a mortal's *fate* leant :
And then upon the margin writ,
The legal points which bore on it—
The strength or weakness of each clause—
How far they had transgressed the laws,
Most subtly weighing in his scales
The women's faults against the males ;
Each fact, with dexterous judgment, splitting,
(A task for legal heads most fitting)
Until he, without more ado,
Out of *one* crime, created *two* !

To Pluto then, Hell's Autocrat,
With due respect he doffed his hat,
And from a bag of colour ominous,
(Being *green*) so full, 'twas quite abdominous,

Drew forth a most portentous cargo
Of briefs, enough to sink the Argo ;
That is, if sins like merchandize,
Had weight proportioned to their size,
For never yet did legal rogue
So black a record disembody.

With gaping mouth, and eyes expanded,
Hell's monarch their contents demanded,
When *he*, first having read the charges,
On their enormity enlarges ;
And while Old Nick with tingling ear
Bent down the catalogue to hear,
Adroitly poured into his brain
The view he wished him to maintain,
But with so-dexterous a tact,
He made it seem his master's act :
Right well he knew, however gracious
Crowned heads may be, they're most tenacious,
Of their own judgment in each matter ;—
Hence, he that would persuade, must flatter,
Hint at the measures to pursue,
Not broadly shove them forth to view,
Or let his thoughts at once be known
Thus seeming to impeach their own,

For this is an offence superiors
Will scarcely tolerate from inferiors.

In short, let such before they proffer
Unasked advice, (a dangerous offer
Inferring somewhat like a sense
Of loftier intelligence)

This maxim on their memory rivet,
If taken, they'll hate those who give it.

I have a thought,* as some-one says
In Reynolds's forgotten plays,
Which spite of th' incongruous mixture,
I'll slip in here, and make a fixture,
But let the sentiment, my *Boss*,†
Being somewhat odd, be *inter nos*.

Were monarchs now, as we are told
Nebuchadnezzar was of old,
Condemned to graze, like other beasts,
(A sorry contrast to their feasts)
By way of penance, to atone
For all the folly they have shewn,
Good Lord ! how many a royal ass
Would in that case, be sent to grass !

* "*I have an idea!*"—is the sapient remark of a certain drowsy interlocutor, in one of Mr. Reynolds's defunct comedies.

† *Boss*, is a *Yankee* phrase, signifying friend or companion.

I doubt however, herbs and roots
Would scarcely suit those kingly brutes
Whose more imperial love of slaughter,
Holding human blood like water !
Would prompt them, in their haste, to batten
Where lion, ounce, and tyger, fatten,
Instead of joining in the feast
Of any graminivorous beast.

Having thus digressed, to suit my humour,
Or rather, cut the itching tumour
Of speech, and giv'n the matter vent—
Like sailors when a cord is rent,
I'll patch my story's broken tether,
By splicing both the ends together.

I left Old Nicksa, ('tis a trick
To call so grave a King, Old Nick,
Since there's no doubt the name arose
From Nicksa, as Sir Walter* shews)
I left Old Nicksa gravely listening,
With open mouth, and optics glistening,
To Minos, as that learned roister

* "*Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft.*" For some curious particulars respecting "Old Nick," see "*Boucher's Glossary of Archaic and Provincial Words.*"

Opened each clients legal oyster,
(That is, his case) with laws own knife,
The harbinger of woe and strife !
Until the luckless monarch got
So puzzled by laws *polyglot*,
That he, although in most things wiser
Than his grave Chancellor, and adviser,
Was fain to prop this arm, and t'other,
On Sophistry, and Law its brother.

'Tis strange—and here I must premise
I'm going to soliloquize,
Or think aloud—an awkward practise
Contrived by playwrights, but the fact is
No other way the knaves have got,
To let the audience know the plot ;
And therefore with great nonchalance,
They make some sapient wight advance
Towards the foot-lamps, and declare
His secrets to the open air ;
Avowing, whilst he gives his reasons,
Intended murders, plots, and treasons,
The guilt of which success diminishes—
Until the play, as usual, finishes

By death in Tragedy—while marriage
Ends Comedy—a like miscarriage!

'Tis strange by what a slender thread
The wisest men are often led
By minds, whose intellectual tone
Is far inferior to their own ;
Although they doubtless think, their will
Exerts its power of freedom still.
Strange too, the weaker intellect
Should in the stronger one, detect
Those little failings which we find,
Taint more or less the greatest mind,
And thence have pow'r to twist and bend
Their influence to a selfish end.
Most strange, that men whose narrow souls
With sight defective as a mole's,
Can scarce see through the mental night
Which shrouds them, even a little light,
Should yet with such adroitness find
The weakness of a nobler mind.*

* "*The Second-rate Man*."—"He has a quick and practised eye for the detection of faults, and, falling short of excellence himself, knows not any pleasure so exquisite and unmixed, as that of exposing the errors of great minds. Ambition being disappointed, jealousy became his master passion; from the torments of which he derives all his pain, and from its gratification all his pleasure."

The Author of "*Sydenham*."

Has Nature, when with niggard hand,
The intellect of such she spanned,
To compensate the witless zany,
Given to one sense the force of many,
By binding in her mental tether
The puny shoots of wit together ;
Until the aggregate of all
Makes up a brain, however small,
Lest from a head so bossed and hollow
A mental bankruptcy should follow ?

Perhaps so—but the mind's a sea
Of such profundity, that we
Can only with our line explore
The creeks and shallows near the shore ;
Since none can penetrate, I wis,
Th' "unbottomed infinite abyss,"
And with a bright "Ithuriel eye,"*
Detect the hidden mystery.

'Tis true that many sages, don
Their metaphysic glasses on,
(Forgetting that self-love will varnish
The lens, and thus its clearness tarnish)

* This beautiful epithet I have borrowed from a charming volume
of Poetry by Alaric A. Watts.

And with dark lanthorn searching round
Their mind's dim chamber, think they've found
The clue—exclaiming, such their speed is,
Eureka, like old Archimedes.

But little can of minds be known
By people searching in their own,
Since they will in this error fall,
That *one* is but the type of *all*.
Like grave phrenologists, who cull
Some heinous malefactor's skull,
Whose itch for killing and for thieving
Was known right well, and thence conceiving
The other faculties his brain has,
Are written on his skull as plain as
Those wicked organs, map and label
Th' exterior like an E. O. table;
And then proclaim themselves proficient
In things known but to the Omniscient,
Acquiring all this knowledge ample,
From one equivocal example.

Fantastic theorists!—we might
As well believe Descartes right,

When he conceived the pineal gland*
 Was where the spirit took its stand ;
 Because he knew no other use
 To which that organ could conduce,
 And therefore clapped the soul upon it,
 As *Artistes* do on blocks, a bonnet !

But to resume the broken thread :—
 To Nicksa, as before I said,
 The learned Judge the law expounded ;
 Till he, bewildered and confounded,
 Was dazzled by th' excessive light
 Thrown on it by that sapient wight,
 Whose heap of glosses on each text
 The monarch's head but more perplexed,
 Though never yet was any *man* decked
 With deeper sense than this great *Pandect*.
 However, 'tis to all well known,
 Law has a language quite its own,
 So dark, it cannot be translated
 Except by the initiated ;

* A small heartlike substance, about the size of a pea, situated at the basis of the brain. It was formerly supposed (and by Descartes among others) to be the seat of the soul.

And they, by phrases technical
Build round it such a massive wall,
That all who clamber o'er the stones
Get battered heads or broken bones,
Before they reach the darksome cell
Where Truth is hid in Law's deep well,
The bottom of whose depths profound
No mortal plummet e'er could sound !

Then marvel not that Nicksa's wit,
When Law's dark glamour came o'er it,
Like newly bottled beer became
Quite flat—I speak it to his shame—
Until the lengthy exposition
Of Minos, such was his condition,
Appeared to him, he gravely said,
“ A glooming light, much like a shade !”*

Oh Law thou Science of all Sciences !
Great is thy strength, for “ all appliances
And means to boot,” are used by thee,
Thou Rosicrusian mystery.
Thine is the true alchemic art,
That turns the baseness of man's heart

* Spencer.

To thy sole profit, and sets loose
Its passions for thy proper use,
Thus, as the Alchemists have told,
From baser metals making gold.

Oh Law! thou undigested mass
Of all that is, and all that was—
Thou dark and puzzling *palimpsest*,*
On which two meanings are expressed—
The outward, easy to expound—
The inward, quite untrodden ground,
Except by legal folks, who thread
Its labyrinths with practised tread.
Like the philosophers of old,

* *Palimpsest*. It was a common practice with the Greek and Latin copyists of the middle ages, to erase an ancient manuscript for the purpose of making room for another on the same parchment. Fortunately for the interests of learning, the erasure, either from the imperfection of the instrument, or the awkwardness of those using it, was seldom complete: and this circumstance, added to the indefatigable exertions of Signor Angelo Maio, Librarian to the Vatican; has been the means of recovering many of the most valuable productions of antiquity. A considerable portion of Cicero's celebrated treatise *De Republica*, was found concealed beneath St. Augustine's Commentary on the Psalms; and fragments of an old commentary on Virgil, had in like manner been removed, to make way for the Homilies of St. Gregory.

"The Codex Ephrem," one of the oldest and most valuable of the Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, is a *palimpsest* or *codex rescriptus*.

Two separate rules of faith they hold ;*
 Their public doctrines preach aloud
 To satisfy the gaping crowd,
 Reserving for a favored few
 The secret tenets of the crew :
 Esoteric doctrines framed with care
 To cheat the mass, who only stare,
 And marvel at the sleight of hand
 They see, but cannot understand.
 What's Law ?—Alas ! too many know
 What Law is, from the debts they owe :
 What's Law ?—the strong and twining asp,
 And he, the fool within its grasp,
 Struggling, as Laocoon of old did,
 The client in its gripe enfolded.†

* "One, the *exoteric*, external, or *public* doctrine ; the other, the *esoteric*, internal, or *secret* doctrine."

† I have found that lawyers take from seventy-five to ninety per cent. on an average ; sometimes as high as eight hundred per cent. ; viz., their charges have been about £2,300, for what, when taxed, the legal charge was only £331. 7s. 6d. ; and taken the greater part in advance too, stopping it out of money passing through their hands. In twenty years they have thus taken nearer £100,000 than £50,000 from me and mine ; their regular law charges alone amounting to upwards of £2,500 a year, and under the name of what they call their cash payments—many of which were no payments at all—nearly as much more. In no other country in the world are there, or ever have there been, such abuses of this kind as in England."—*Sir Egerton Brydges' Autobiography*.

Thelluson having amassed £600,000, directed this enormous sum

Our Shakspeare talks of law's delay,
 And what does Young, the moral, say ?
 "Procrastination," quoth the rhyme
 Reflective—"is the thief of time,"
 And doubtless 'tis a pithy saying
 To those by the road side delaying :
 But I would think he further saw,
 Called he procrastination, law—
 Since 'tis the essence of its strength,
 Its width, its breadth, its depth, its length—
 The "petty space" that "day to day"
 Creeps on—until the odds to pay
 Are fearfully against the client,
 Whose temper has been too compliant.
 Ye Gods ! how curious 'tis to see
 The "fond impossibility"*
 Shewn by the tribe a suit to finish,
 And thus their legal gains diminish—

to be accumulated in the way of compound interest, during the lives of all his male descendants living at the period of his decease, and the life of the survivor of them. They were in all 13 persons. The probability was, that the accumulation would last 80 years, and the whole might then devolve upon a minor ; when it might be prolonged for 21 years more. The plan has, however, proved a total failure. The expences of management swallow up so much of the annual produce, that the accumulation is very trifling ; while in the mean time, the testator's descendants are all more or less, (or were within these few years) in a comparative state of indigence.

* Lovelace.

Still to old precedents referring—
 Demurring still, and still demurring,
 And like Penelope, unwinding
 By night, what they've by day been binding :
 Till it begins at last to strike
 The client, that his suit is like
 The Alexandrine in Pope's song,
 Still dragging its slow length along.*

But if a Chancery† suit they handle,
 Like Oysters brought from Coromandel,
 On *one* of which, some eight or nine
 Stout fellows can contrive to dine :‡
 Lord ! how the harpies throng about
 Until they suck the substance out,
 Since one's sufficient to maintain
 A tithe of lawyers in its train.

* "A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

Essay on Criticism.

† In Carey's *Present State of England*, published in 1627, the Court of Chancery is especially denounced as "a gulph without a bottom, never full; a Court swelling and ready to burst with causes;" and the pleadings are characterised as "full of impertinent matter, with large margins, great distances between the lines, and protraction of words, with their many dashes and slashes put in place of words."

‡ The Coromandel Oysters are of such an extraordinary size, that *one* is frequently found of sufficient capacity (so travellers assert) to assuage the hunger of several persons. On the coast of the island of Celebes, as stated in Dampier's *Voyage*, they are said to reach a growth equally gigantic,

Meanwhile the owners, standing by
With gaping mouth, and staring eye,
Behold their wealth in spite of Cocker,
Going fast to Davy Jones's locker.*

At length—(I'm sure this long digression
Is tiresome beyond expression)
At length the Power igniponent
From troubled thought, to action went,
And called his Commons in a trice,
Most gravely asking their advice :
For though a despot in his heart,
He chose to act a liberal part,
By giving to his dingy elves
The *shew* of thinking for themselves.

Right well he knew the factious crowd,
Although beneath oppression bowed,
If left the empty power of railing
Will scarcely feel the chain they're trailing ;

* About fourteen years ago a Mr. Gray left £700. consols for a rupture society, but the particular society not being clearly designated, several claims were put in. The Court of Chancery only could decide the point, and in the autumn of 1833, made its award. The sum of £86. 14s. 1d. was then paid to a rupture Society in Southwark ; the remaining principal and interest, £744. 10s. 11d., being swallowed up in law expences !

But prate and prate, until they deem
They *are* the thing they only *seem*,
And will at length almost agré,
The pow'r of talking makes them free.

Hence mortal Kings, who from their birth
Are God's Vicegerents upon earth,
(So say their friends,* though from their tricks
I've some suspicion they're Old Nick's)
When fixed some ticklish point to carry,
Or to divorce a wife—or marry—
Or raise their bastards to the Peerage,
(A case that's common in this queer age)
Or make a Countess of a W.—
Or some such thing—but I'll not trouble you
With what :—enough that they contrive
Adroitly to attract the hive
To matters that concern the nation,
More than an upstart's elevation ;
Some Bill, of which the *outs* complain,
Denouncing in prophetic strain,

* "The King is the supreme head given by God to the Nation, and unites in himself the legislative, judicial, and executive powers, being responsible, not to the nation, but only to God, and his own conscience."
—*M. de Bulow's answer to Benzenberg's work "On the administration of the Chancellor Prince Hardenberg."*

Each clause, until a fierce debate
 Arising, keeps the house up late
 Stirs up the bile, until they're hoarse,
 And rouses with instinctive force
 Self-love, that like a slumbering snake,
 Will at the slightest sound awake,
 To bid them struggle in the race,
 (For all are patriots, out of place,)
 While that which first their notice drew
 Slips in the noisy turmoil through.*

Now Pluto, who to blind their eyes,
 Thus condescended to advise
 With his most faithful Commons—knew
 Right well the best plan to pursue,
 And while he flattered them, was bent
 To have *his will*, yet *their consent*.

“All have their price.”—This maxim sinister
 Was held by a sagacious minister,†
 To whom Man's heart (that sordid elf
 Whose passions centre all in self)

* Some curious instances might be adduced in support of the remark in the text; one of which occurred when the Reform Bill was the all-engrossing topic of debate, and passed unnoticed—but the time was adroitly chosen.

† Sir Robert Walpole.

Unveiled its secrets, better hid,
Pandora's box, without the lid.
"All have their price:"—the doctrine curst
Was proved by him who broached it first,
Nor did he with it lightly tax 'em,
But from experience drew the maxim.

And is it true?—I won't say all,
But of th' elect the number's small,
And even these if bribed with skill,
Would soon I fear, be smaller still.
'Tis but to gain the leading men,
To choose with tact the *how* and *when*,
Softening with flattery the proud—
With gold the factious and the loud—
For in the *first* the deference shewn
By rank superior to their own,
Awakes a feeling, that with skill
May oft be moulded to your will,
If when you find these arts prevail,
With power or rank you turn the scale.
As for the *last*, to cure their railing,
Gold is a nostrum never failing—
Like Cerberus they bark—the sop
Is thrown them, and at once they stop,

Or only growl at times, to aid
The sordid cause for which they're paid.*
Hail Independence ! quoth the bard
Who wrote for pension and reward,
And while he penned these lofty strains,
Bartered the product of his brains.
All hail ! thou shadow of a shade !
He who invoked thee to his aid,

* The following instance of Parliamentary corruption, at the commencement of the reign of George III, is related by Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, and confirmed by the Bishop of Landaff, in the anecdotes of his life, as well as in Almon's "Life of Lord Chatham."—"John Ross Mackay, who had been private Secretary to the Earl of Bute, and afterwards during seventeen years, was Treasurer of the Ordnance, a man with whom I was personally acquainted, frequently avowed the fact. He lived to a very advanced age, sat in several Parliaments, and only died in, I believe, 1795. A gentleman of high professional rank and unimpeachable veracity, who is still alive, told me that, dining at the late Earl of Besborough's, in Cavendish square, in the year 1790, where only four persons were present, including himself, Ross Mackay, who was one of the number, gave them the most ample information on this subject. Lord Besborough having called after dinner for a bottle of excellent Champagne, a wine to which Mackay was partial, and the conversation happening to turn on the means of governing the House of Commons, Mackay said that money formed after all the only effectual and certain method. The peace of 1763, continued he, was carried through, and approved, by a pecuniary distribution. Nothing else could have surmounted the difficulty. I was myself the channel through which the money passed. With my own hand I secured above 120 votes on that most important question, to Ministers:—£80,000 were set apart for the purpose. Forty Members of the House of Commons received from me £1,000 each. To eighty others I paid £500 each. Mackay afterwards confirmed, more than once, this fact, to the gentleman above-mentioned, who related it to me."

Was doomed to never bear on high
“ The lion heart and eagle eye :”
Since mingling much in party strife,
And dogged by Poverty through life,
Whose shrinking form and drooping lids
A lofty gaze or port forbids,
And keeps Care ever in attendance—
With him indeed, 'twas *In-Dependence*.

But hold ! I wander from my task.—
Most gravely did Hell's monarch ask
His congregated Commons, to
Give him their advice what to do :
But whether he had tried to move
By means I've hinted at above,
Their judgement previously or not,
I'm grieved to say, I've quite forgot.

Both loud and fearful was the din
Th' infernal Parliament within,
As round their King the members sate
Engaged in desperate debate,
And mangling each opinion thrown
As surly mastiffs do a bone.
In fact, so great a clamor rose,
A listener shrewdly might suppose

Beside old Babel's tower he stood,
Just when the assembled multitude,
With all the strength of human lungs
Were trying their new *gift of tongues*.

And here I shall make no apology
For a choice morsel of philology,
But to the world at once make known,
A derivation quite my own,
Which will, no doubt, in Todd's edition
Of Johnson, take its due position.

At Babel were the tongues confounded,
From Babel, *babble* is compounded—
Thence *babbler* comes, which means, quoth
Walker,

(Whose book I quote)—“an idle talker.”
Babbling—a word, there's no denying,
“*Of sound and fury signifying*
“*Nothing*,”—as Macbeth says—a good
Authority, so I'll conclude.

But to resume.—Plan after plan
Was laid before the grave divan,
Each ushered in by fitting speeches;—
But as th' imperfect record reaches

No further than some isolated
 Uncertain facts, and those undated,
 I'll merely quote, to prove the *nous*,
 O' the members of the *lower* house,
 The smoky part which yet survives
 In th' Pandemonium's black archives.

Great was the task, I must premise,
 Though backed by Galileo's eyes,*
 To extract, as Moore says, the "forbidden"
 "Virtue"† within the record hidden,
 And out of many a smoky fragment,
 Decypher what each hellish *wag* meant.
 In fact the parchment was so shrivelled,
 So carbonized, and so bedevilled,
 The charred rolls of old Pompeia,
 Of *it*, may give you some idea;
 Those classic fragments of papyrus,
 'Bout which the antiquarians tire us,
 Unrolling them with mighty care,
 When "Pass ! begone !" — there's nothing there,

* Although Galileo was not the inventor of the telescope, he was undoubtedly the first by whom that brilliant discovery was improved, and rendered of such inestimable importance to the interests of science.

† "What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame,
 Which in secret extracted its virtue forbidden."

Moore's "*Irish Melodies*,"

Except some worthless paleography,
 Scarce worth the trouble of glossography.*
 E'en the famed parchment of Macpherson,
 (*That* which he penned his scraps of Erse on)
 When by critics put into a huff, he
 Produced it to them soiled and snuffy,†
 Scarce took th' inspectors by the nose
 More quick than this did, waking throes
 In the nasal organs of the curious,
 Though *that* was snuffy, *this* sulphureous.
 A subtle trick, to steep his Gaelic
 In sundry ounces of cephalic,
 To make it seem by this iniquity,
 As if long hid in deep antiquity.

* A great variety of the manuscripts found at Herculaneum, were unrolled under the superintendence of Sir H. Davy, and rendered partly legible; but their contents were only productive of disappointment, being of equal unimportance with the specimens which had been previously examined. Two volumes were published in 1824 by the University of Oxford, lithographed from the original papyri, to which was appended a Catalogue of upwards of 90 manuscripts which had been presented to the University by his late Majesty. In this, however, there is little calculated to awaken additional regret in the mind of the scholar, at the difficulty experienced in unrolling these fragments of ancient learning.

† "The fragments I afterwards saw in Mr. Macpherson's hands, by no means appeared of recent writing: *the paper was much stained with smoke, and daubed with Scots' snuff.*"—*Dr. Adam Ferguson's Letter to Mr. Mackenzie.*

But as I said before, the din
Was great Hell's Parliament within,
Tongue answering tongue with mighty clamour
Like anvil echoing the hammer ;
So much so, that the short-hand writers,
Could scarcely follow these " prize fighters "
Through the long maze of each oration,
Unto its glorious peroration.

Kings *wed by proxy*, as we're told
In records, and in histories old,
But yet we do not find it stated,
The marriage thus was consummated :
They left their proxies to go through
The forms, but not th' essentials too,
Lest their chaste consorts through these means
Should become *queans*, as well as queens.

Peers *vote by proxy*—this no doubt
Prevents the brain from wearing out,
And saves them all the toil and woe
The vulgar Commons undergo,
Whose reasoning powers are taxed each night
To prove that what they vote for's right.

D

Not so th' unfettered Peers—the wind
Is not more free and unconfined,
Than these bright lilies of the field
To whom the humbler flow'rets yield.
“They toil not, neither do they spin,”
When they their earthly course begin,
But wander whither their caprice
May lead them—or to France or Greece;
Retaining power to legislate,
Though seas divide them from the state
For which their vote a law may frame,
Perhaps unknown to them by name;
Yet passed by those, who never heard
Of its details a single word.

’Tis strange the “lubbar fiend” below,
Did not this precious boon bestow
On the dark conclave whom his call
Had roused—the prototype of all—
Th’ original House of Lords, whose frame
Was modelled when to Hell they came,
On being for their many vices
From Heav’n expelled! the cocatrices!

Much labour had been spared no doubt,
Had they this sapient plan found out,
And voted, like the great on earth
By proxy—such the right of birth!
What breath had then been unexpended,
What ears from torture been defended,
How many precious thoughts been hid
Like gems beneath the casket's lid,
Or sparks within the stone—no dint
Of steel to call them from the flint.
And oh, what toil had the translator,
In his twin task as commentator,
Been spared, had these loquacious elves
By using proxies, spared themselves.

Most glorious privilege! the meed
Of Earth's Aristocratic breed!
Enabling them at will, to glide
Thus smoothly down life's rapid tide,
Whose fiery surges madly boil,
Around the sons of want and toil.
How sweet, to leave our stormy shore,
Spain's mountain labyrinths explore—
Roam to Italia's classic ground,
And gaze on all that's scattered round;

Watch the bright sun-beam as it falls
Chequering th' Eternal City's walls ;
Or sleeping on that mass sublime,
Almost triumphant over Time,
The Coliseum's giant frame,
Rome's greatest marvel, and her shame !*

When democratic surges boil,
Escaping from the rude turmoil
Is pleasant—pleasant too, to think
While from the vulgar mass we shrink,
By cutting thus the soul in two,
A double function 'twill pursue ;
And like the polypus, when shred,
Gain by the act a second head.
Hence while one portion, idly bent
On pleasure, seeks the Continent ;
The other, in a proxy's shape,
Doth legislative functions ape,
And loiters in the house, pursuing
Its course, laws making or undoing ;

* *Her greatest marvel*, on account of the magnitude of the building
—*her shame*, considering the purpose for which it was erected.

As if its pow'rs, like instinct, still
Worked independent of the will.

Blest rule, that for this favored race
Annihilates both time and space,
Claps down beside St. Peter's chair,
The House of Lords (incongruous pair)—
Or moves it to the glorious Rhine,
Should they at Coblenz chance to dine,
In order by this wholesome measure,
To suit their duty to their pleasure.

Changed by thy power, the lordly dunce
Becomes *two gentlemen at once*,*
The "*delicate monster*" of the isle,†
Having "*two voices*" to beguile,
Enabling him to use at choice
"*His backward, or his forward voice*;"
Though to the damage of the state,
The *backward's* been most used of late,
By those still anxious to prolong,
"The RIGHT DIVINE to govern wrong."‡

* It is Mrs. Malaprop I believe, who describes Cerberus as being
"*three gentlemen at once*."

† *Stephano*. "Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster!
His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward
voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract,"—*Tempest*, Act ii.
Scene ii.

‡ "The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong.—*Pope's Dunciad*.

But *n'importe*—it cannot last,
The present soon will be the past;
While from futurity's dark cloud,
Like spectre bursting from its shroud,
The Avenger Time, whose stealthy pace
Though slow, yet ever wins the race,
Upstarting, will at once destroy
The privileges Lords enjoy;
And prove them, while Oppression's friend,
But "*shallow monsters*"* in the end.

Confessors were employed of old
The consciences of Kings to hold,
For Monarchs deeming such things were
But trifles, quite beneath their care,
To others the affair entrusted,
By whom the balance was adjusted;
A mode of acting somewhat odd,
Thus judging betwixt man and God.
The charge however, was but small,
Few having consciences at all,
Or consciences, as Jockies say,
Of *feather weight*, so light were they:

* *Trinculo*. "By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—
I am afraid of him?—a very weak monster."—*Tempest*, Act ii, Scene ii.

Hence, those who had them in their keeping,
Still left the embrio atom sleeping,
Nor deemed it (such their prudence) right,
"To mention hell to ears polite."*

'Tis somewhat thus with Peers, who roam
Like "chartered libertines," from home,
And while their pleasures they pursue,
Preserve their legal functions too :
Entrusting to a brother peer,
Their consciences, "*and such small gear*"—
To him transferring all their cares,
And looking through *his* eyes, not theirs—
Using *his* brain to legislate,
With *his* ears hearing a debate,
(Themselves being merely men of straw,
Although their vote holds good in law)
Their proxy, like a fireman, turning
The hose on that most fiercely burning,
Uses *their* vote to stop a measure
From passing—such *his* lordly pleasure—
And, wielding thus another's will,
Keeps legislation standing still.

* Pope:

Another privilege is theirs,
As well the Statute Book declares,
Forbidding all the baser sort,
(That is, those who're unknown at court)
To *draw the long bow*, lest the mass
Should in that noble sport, surpass
Their betters—since the law accords
The privilege alone to lords,
Who grateful for the favor shewn,
Have made the practice quite their own.*

But what have Peers while life is theirs,
To do with hell, or hell's affairs?—
'Tis true th' omnipotence of Death
Stops great, as well as vulgar breath;
Nor heeds th' aspiring of the proud,
But hurls them 'mid the common crowd,
Although the porcelain of the earth,
To rot with those of meaner birth!—
To learn how little God regards
The fool whom fortune's smile rewards,

* By a statute of the 25th of January, 1504, it is enacted that no man shall shoot in a *long bow* without the King's license, except he be a lord, or have two hundred mark land.

Unless his virtuous actions, should
Equal his means of doing good.

What then becomes of them, is not
My province to discuss—their lot
If dark, may be in Hades' gloom—
If bright, in Heaven's drawing room,
To officiate as lords in waiting,
And usher the celestial state in.
At present Pluto's dark dominions,
Hell's mighty peers, and their opinions,
Require my inefficient aid
To pluck them from oblivion's shade ;
And shew the world how Pluto scorns
The dilemma with its pair of horns.

One, thought it best to bring a host
Of females from the upper coast,
And when by counsel they were heard,
On all the charges men preferred ;
To place both parties face to face,
And listen to each separate case,
By which sagacious means, no doubt,
The hidden truth would tumble out.

But scarcely had he ceased, when all
The swarthy demons, with a squall

Loud as from multitudes, and harsh
As bull-frogs croaking in a marsh ;*
Expressed their horror, and aversion,
T' a plan which shook them like a tertian.

Meanwhile of orators, a score,
Who'd striven in vain to speak before,
Bursting with wrath, upon their legs
Upstarted, like the metal pegs
Of organs, when they let the wind
Into the pipes its passage find,
Where muttering in each narrow case,
It treble squeaks, or grumbles base.

Not champagne when it finds a vent—
Not porter long in bottles pent,
Ejects more furiously the cork
Without the aid of screw or fork,
Than did these candidates the speech,
That like a hail-storm burst from each.
All strove to speak at once, but found
Their voices in the struggle drowned,

* " No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of Angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from bless'd voices, uttering joy," &c.—*Milton*.

Till one, by dint of Stentor's lungs,
O'erpowered the strength of weaker tongues,
And thus :—

What peristaltic strain
Hath acted on our brother's brain,
And caused it foolishly to vent
Dull froth, instead of argument.
Was he not one of those who tried
Th' embraces of a mortal bride,*
And for the uxorious fault was hurled
From heav'n into this nether world ?
Was he not one, I say, who deemed
Woman the angel that she seemed ;
Until experience proved her soul
At variance with the form she stole,
And that her power of working evil,
Made her a fit match for the Devil ?

Even I, though many a thousand years
Have thundered through the rolling spheres,
Since she, for whom I fell from bliss
Into hell's dark and swart abyss,

* "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair ;
and they took them wives of all which they chose,"—*Genesis*, c. vi. v. 2.

Was gathered to her fathers—feel
A tingling through my body steal,
When memory to my soul recalls
That most unfortunate of falls.
What was my fate?—(not mine alone
As all who fell with me, must own.)
What was my fate, I say?—Oh never,
Even were my speech to last for ever,
Could I recount one tithe of all
She made me suffer when her thrall.
Her rage—her quickness at inventing
Arts of ingeniously tormenting,
Mixed with caresses, when she thought
She had my patience overwrought,
Conspired to make the place where she
Existed, worse than hell to me,
Till in my agony of pain,
I wished myself unborn again;
Since all the happy days I passed
In marriage, were the first and last.
At length Death came with icy hand,
And led her to his silent land—
Yet in that moment when I hid
Her corpse beneath the coffin's lid,

I trembled, lest a hidden spark
Of life should linger in the ark,
Nor felt at ease, until I found her
In hell, with Styx nine times around her.

Yet was she beautiful—her form
The sylph-like willow in the storm,
Waving as if its branches bent
To the music of the element.
Her face like morning, and her eye
The sun that lights that morning sky ;
While beam-like tresses clustering round
Her brow, thence wandered till they found
A sweeter spot, her breast ! and there
Lingered, until the wanton air
Swept through them joyously, and stirred
Each golden ringlet, like a bird
Scattering the summer blossoms—white
As clouds touched by the moon-beam's light,
Her bosom shone, and like a billow
Or rose or fell—Love's sweetest pillow !

Yes she was beautiful, and grace
Dwelt on each feature of her face—
Her brow—her cheek—her lips—yea all
Most beautiful !—for since the fall,

None of Earth's daughters bore the impress
Of more surpassing loveliness.
Nor was it of that transient cast
That like the night-flower's bloom, will last
But for a single hour*—oh no !
Her features eloquent--the glow
Of mind that decked them, like the rays
Bright'ning an alabaster vase,
Shewed that the beauty of her mien
Was heightened by the soul within !
Yes heightened, for it wore a dye
That savoured less of earth, than sky—
An intellectual hue, that stole
Like music on the gazer's soul,
Softening each passion as it passed,
And giving it a holier cast.

All this she was !—all this, and more—
So bright the aspect that she bore—
So sweetly had expression's grace
Flung its warm lustre on her face,
She almost on the heav'ns might dare
To gaze, and say her place was *there* !

* The large, beautiful, and sweet-scented flowers of the Cactus grandiflorus, or night blowing Cereus, begin to open about eight o'clock in the evening, are fully expanded by eleven, and are quite faded and decayed about two or three hours afterwards.

But I'm digressing from the point,
Aroynt thee!—therefore—witch aroynt!
Nor thus, like Banquo's spirit, rise
To dim my brain, and cloud my eyes,
Till I unto this house expound,
The source of all the woes I found,

Then listen, friends :—In woman's frame
A member lurks I fear to name,
Of mighty power, though small in size,
From whence ten thousand ills arise.
This little engine of her will
Is wrought with such consummate skill,
And magic science, that it reaches
To every note the gamut teaches;
And base and treble, flat and sharp,
Ring changes on this vocal harp
So rapidly, you'd think its force is
Equal to that of forty horses—
That is, when Passion's wild typhoon
Comes on the brain with change of moon,
And whirls the ideas round about,
Like surges in a water-spout.

Nor is this instrument of ill
Exposed to sight, but hidden still

Beneath so tempting a disguise,
That none can tell where danger lies ;
Till some incautious word is spoken,
Or trifle done, or promise broken,
And then they hear with fear and wonder,
The accents of th' imprisoned thunder ;
By which at length the door is riven,
And Passion, by this engine driven,
Bursts madly forth, like mountain torrent,
With noise and clatter most abhorrent.

And must the riddle then be told ?—
Alas ! my friends, my blood runs cold !
Not Demogorgon's dreaded name
Wakes fiercer tremblings through my frame,
When through the darksome deep, its sound
Sails, on the bellowing echos round,
Than doth the secret which is wrung
Thus from me.—Know then, 'tis her *tongue* !

Yea, from this member, though so small,
Most of my woes arose—nay all—
For tongues, to use the proverb musty,
Are swords they seldom let get rusty ;*

* “ La langue des femmes est leur épée, et elles ne la laissent pas rouiller.”—*Fr. Proverb.*

And those who smile, if once the pain
Was theirs, would never smile again—
Their "*ignorance is bliss!*"—When she
Came like a beam of light to me,
And beautiful as morn—smiles breaking
Her lips apart, like rose-buds waking
From their light slumber, with the rain
Still moist upon each crimson stain!
Oh say?—for few know half the wiles
That lurk beneath a woman's smiles—
Say could I, when I flew to sip
The honey on that witching lip,
And revelled in the pleasing sin,
Think such a demon dwelt within?

Besides, at first it gently stirred,
And sweetly whispered every word,
Until by constant practice grown
More perfect, it increased the tone
And volume, till the gathered sound
In one tumultuous crash was drowned,
Which burst the bands of sleep asunder,
And roused me, like a peal of thunder!

Oft have I, when her lip and eye
Denoted that a storm was nigh,

E

With tingling ear anticipated
 The curtain lecture which I hated ;
 And therefore with all due submission,
 Expressed my sorrow and contrition
 For things I never did, to lull
 The tempest brewing in her skull :
 With nicest art my help-mate moving,
 Nor yet too cold, nor yet too loving,
 Lest from th' excess she should infer
 'Twas more from *fear*, than *love* of her.

Yet mark me friends—with wondrous art
 My subtle torturer played her part,
 Nor ventured, till her toils were wound
 My too-confiding heart around,
 To let her temper, like a horse
 Uncurbed and reinless, take its course.
 But when she found (for woman's skill
 Surpasses ours in working ill)
 That I, although at first astonished,
 Was mute and patient when admonished ;
 She set her mouth wide open, but it
 Excelled her power again to shut it.*

* — — — "She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her pow'r." *Milton.*

Nor did her tongue its clamour cease,
Till Death, grim Justice of the Peace,
Encoffined her with touch despotic,
And silenced thus my *Anthypnotick* !

I fear I've taxed your patience, friends—
But here my long digression ends,
Which has I trust, to every mind,
Conveyed the meaning I designed,
And proved beyond a doubt, that thus
Are framed that sex multibquous.

Now should we, as proposed, convene
A host of such these walls within,
Inflamed with wrath at being brought
To hell before the time they ought ;
And injudiciously unloose
The flood-gates of so vast a sluice—
What ears could stand the infernal clangor
Of female tongues thus raised in anger.
Or how shall we, mid such a noise,
When every one her voice employs,
And all in concert loudly bawl—
Like Niagara's waterfall,

When it hurls with accent thundrous
Down the deep its torrent wondrous—
Resolve the dark and painful doubt,
Which we are bent on finding out.

The Speaker ceased, and took his seat,
And these his reasons, urged with heat
Against the motion, bore such weight,
'Twas easy to foresee its fate.
Such fear indeed his sufferings wrought
In every breast, that panic fraught,
Each face became so pale and wan,
A child might guess the motion gone—
In fact when put round for decision,
'Twas negatived without division !

Then Belial rose, while rage and scorn
Burst like the sun-rise on the morn,
Across his visage, which became
Red as a furnace when the flame
Burns fiercest—but his respiration
Had well nigh choaked articulation,
So quick it came, and thus delayed
The speech his quivering lips essayed.

Not that the demon cared a jot
Whether they won the cause or not,
(That is, the women) but the milter
Was roused as by an amorous philtre,
When 'twas proposed to bring a bevy
Of females to the Devil's levee,
Being still a sprite concupicent,
And no way fond of keeping Lent.
Great was his wrath therefore, when thus
Prevented playing th' incubus
By the last speaker, whose oration
Had chiefly led to its negation.
For be it known to you, fair ladies,
The devil nightly roams from Hades,
To visit those whose mind's impurity
Is ripened into sin's maturity :
Though mortals who are thus oppressed,
Deem that the nightmare broke their rest,
And little think when troubled thus,
They sported with an Incubus.*

* In Reginald Scot's "*Discoverie of Witchcraft*," a great many instances are adduced, of the strange notions entertained by our ancestors on the above subject.

At length with furious sound, the shot
Of Belial's speech poured fast and hot,
And,—Oh ye magnates who preside
O'er Hell's black monarchy, he cried,
Shall we thus tamely sacrifice
Our judgment to the painted lies,
Of one, whose tale too plainly shews
The source from whence his malice rose;
Although he strives with many a wile,
To hide the well-spring of his bile,
And swathes his meaning like a mummy,
So closely round, it must be dummy.
Of him it may in truth be said,
There is a vacuum in his head,
Produced by Nature's operation,
Unaided by steam's condensation.
But though from such a source, 'tis hard
To extract a portion worth regard,
One single grain of rue will serve
Just now, to clear the visual nerve,*
From all the films and specks his wit,
To blind our optics, cast on it.

* — — — "Then purged with euphrasy and rue
The visual nerve." *Milton.*

Poor idiot!—has he not by this
 Most impudent apophasis,
 Proved beyond doubt, his hatred elfish,
 A monstrous passion, vile, and selfish;
 And sheer connubial discontent,
 The apex of his argument.
 And why? Because forsooth, his spouse,
 Brave wench! adorned his patient brows
 With antlers, whose portentous size
 Defied concealment or disguise,
 And staring rudely in each face,
 Soon blazoned forth the dire disgrace.

I well remember—ye must all
 That day with strange delight recall—
 I well remember when he came
 Back to these shores to hide his shame,
 And bellowed ('till the gulph profound
 Returned the wild and ominous sound)
 In answer to our mocks and scorns,
 Striking his forehead, *Horns! Horns! Horns!*
 'Till all with deafening clamour, cried,
 “Oh *Bottom* thou 'rt transmogrified!”*

* *Snout*. O Bottom, thou art changed!

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee! thou art translated.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

Then listen, friends, and thou, oh Pluto,
 To this most grave and sage cornuto,
 Nor with contemptuous scoffing, tether
 The speech of such a reverend wether ;
 But let due honor be conferred
 On him, the Father of the Herd !
 Since he—and great we must his luck hold,
 Be it known's the first recorded cuckold !

Hail ! founder of a numerous sect,
 Nor think it shame thy brows are decked
 With semilunar ornaments,
 Which much thy gravity augments
 And make thee like that learned fowl
 Strix Bubo, the great horned owl !
 Hail ! chief cornigerous !—thy race
 Shall make all earth their dwelling place,
 Be of all castes, all ranks—pervade
 Both Afric's sun, and Greenland's shade—
 Be "*Kings and Kesars*"—warriors—priests—
 (Although they're horned, I'll not say beasts)
 And while there's such an itch for sinning,
 Be "*never ending, still beginning.*"

But let me ask, what have the women
 Done, such a pother to put him in ?

Or why one cuckold's tribulation,
 Should lead a whole sex to damnation ?
 Since it is plain beyond denial,
 His own hand ope'd the wrathful vial ;
 And by misgovernment uxorious,
 Led to a climax so notorious.
 Hence when she found he took no scorn,
 Poor silly fool, to wear the horn,*
 His wife, like other's wives before him,
 Became a *classic variorum*,
 On which each commentator writ
 The sprightly sallies of his wit.

The thing no doubt, was far from pleasant,
 'Tis galling both to prince and peasant,
 But yet so common, that the wise
 Who 've suffered, either shut their eyes,
 And coolly think no more about it,
 Or become *Pyrrhonists*, and doubt it.

But since more sensitive than them,
 He wanted philosophic phlegm
 To bear a loss, which after all,
 Is none, if things we rightly call,

* Take thou no scorn to wear the horn :
 It was a crest ere thou wast born.—*Shakespeare*.

Since the imaginary spot
 Is nothing, if we know it not :
 'Tis strange the *Homœopathic* system,
 In this dilemma should have missed him ;
 Since none of Physic's grave pretences,
 By men out of, or in their senses,
 Can match this wonderful contrivance,
 The body's maladies to drive hence.*
 The drug—(pray listen, friends, while I
 Expound this German mystery)—
 The drug that in a healthy state
 Of body, will disease create,
 Like Digby's sympathetic plaister,†
 Has power to cure the same disaster,

* Perhaps the following extract from an article in the *Literary Gazette*, gives as correct a definition of the Homœopathic Doctrines, as any that can be referred to:—at all events it is concise, and therefore best suits my purpose. "To cure an ailment, the plan to be adopted is, to use that substance which, in a healthy state of the body, would produce a similar disease to the one under treatment ; "*similia similibus*," as the homœopathist terms it, and to administer this remedy, in the smallest possible dose; the smaller the more efficacious." Those who wish for more particular information on the subject of Homœopathy, may consult "*Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience*;" one of the most amusing works that has issued from the press for many years.

† Belial is not quite correct—he should have said *powder*, instead of plaister—but it matters not. "The above powder, (quoth *Culpeper* in his *Dispensatory for Family use*) is used by the miners at Gosselaer in Germany, in all their wounds ; and, I believe, was never known to

If taken in microscopic doses,
 At least great Hahnemann* thus supposes.
 " *Small by degrees*" (for here excess
 Would kill) "*and beautifully less*"
 The pill must be, until its size,
 Measured by *Homœopathic* eyes,
 Appears no bigger than the mote
 That doth upon a sunbeam float.†

Since then, according to the leech
 Who placed this cure within his reach,
 His Wife's gallant produced the pain,
 He should have given her one again ;
 Obliging him to make his calls,
 At somewhat longer intervals,
 And thus diminish by degrees
 The dose, and with it the disease.

fail. This powder, *Mons. Lemery* and *Sir Kenelm Digby* tells us, has also the following wonderful property: that, if it be spread on a cloth dipped in the blood of a wound so as to incorporate with the blood, the wound would be cured, though the patient were miles off, and never saw the medicine. From this remarkable sympathetic property it derived its name."

* The founder of the Homœopathic system.

† That this is no exaggeration, the following extract from the work of *Dr. Millingen*, will fully shew. "I have already stated that its followers consider the most minute particles of medicine more powerful than larger doses: they, therefore, have recourse to infinite trituration, or dilution in three vehicles, which they consider free

That men have been to horses turned
By women, all no doubt have learned
From Augustine, that holy father*—
But with due deference, I rather
Believe he meant they made them asses?
Since that's a fact that hourly passes
Beneath our sight—the wit and fool
Alike becoming woman's tool;
Of which our friend, although a devil,
Gives proof, not having 'scaped the evil:
So amply has his generous spouse
With antlers huge adorned his brows,
And made him like the unicorn,
All but its solitary horn.

But what has this with us to do,
Or with the point we have in view?
Let him enjoy his hard won honors,
And thank with grateful mind, the donors,

from any medicinal property,—distilled water, spirits of wine, and sugar of milk; by these means they procure a decillionth or a quintillionth fraction of a grain. One drop of their solution is considered sufficient to saturate three hundred globules of sugar of milk: and three or four of these globules are deemed a powerful medicine."

* "St. Augustine speaks of women who could turn men into horses."—*Howell's Letters*.

Who thus upon his forehead set
So worshipful a coronet !
None envy him his crested brow,
Why should he therefore idly now,
Proclaim the scandal and the shame,
That rests upon his tarnished name.
'Tis somewhat late, methinks, to thrust
A matter forth, neglected first,
For if so piteous his condition,
That love thus led him to perdition,
Why did he not, by nostrum sage,
Endeavour to escape its rage,
And with a dose of hellabore,
Or some such stuff, his peace restore.
Why not have worn a sage philactery,
Or stuffed with herbs the sense olfactory,
Used word, or periapt, sign, or sigil—
Or worn the night's long tedious vigil,
In framing spells to check the wiles
That lurk in woman's witching smiles.
Why not have rubbed his body o'er
With hemlock juice to chill each pore ;*

* The Hierophantes who attended at the initiation to the greater Eleusinian mysteries, was obliged to live a chaste and single life—hence it was usual for him to anoint himself with the juice of hemlock, which from its extreme coldness, is said in a great measure to extinguish natural heat.

Or neutralized with cooling physic,
The heat which thinned him like a phthisic.
Doth not Hippocrates maintain,
That subtle love's all searching pain
May thus be cured ?* If any doubt,
They soon can find the passage out,
And satisfy themselves, or try it,
If love wont let them rest in quiet ;
Though sooth to say, I scarce believe
Drugs can such miracles achieve.

At all events he might have fee'd
The learned Grecian in his need,
And tried the nostrum which his skill
Prescribed, in shape of draught or pill ;
Secure that matters at the worst,
Could be no darker than at first.

'Tis held by many subtle thinkers,
That married people should wear winkers,
As horses do, when paired in carriages ;
(No bad epitome of marriages)

* The curious reader, by referring to the *Aphorisms of Hippocrates*, will find the learned Grecian has recommended a cure for this delightful but tormenting passion ; the nature of which, however, I must decline particularizing.

Lest looking to the right or left,
The saucy eyes, with amorous theft,
Should of their own accord take in,
Aught that might raise the wish to sin ;
A serious thing, considering wishes
To mortals are, as nets to fishes,
Enmeshing the poor soul, in spite
Of all her care to travel right ;
Who finds herself with some surprize
(Entrapped by the indecent eyes)
Committing mental fornication
Through those vile loop-holes of temptation.

Why did he not, to end the strife,
Clap winkers on himself, and wife,
And thus prevent her eyes from making
Comparisons—too often shaking
Th' allegiance wives are bound to pay
To husbands, in a civil way.

But I must tell, though grieved alas !
How this strange matter came to pass :
Then listen, while I tumble out
A fact, that's passing strange, no doubt.

There is a plant (I merely quote
 From some astrologers of note,
 Nor pin my faith to their vagaries)
 There is a plant whose nature varies
 Most strangely on the male, or female :
 If taken inwardly by *the* male,
 It makes him chaste as winter's snow—
 Not so the other sex, for lo !
 If they but chance the leaves to chew,
 God help them, and their husbands too !

What say you friends ?—I think we've nicked
 This plant I'm told, is called *Thalictrum*, [him,
 And it is plain from their miscarriage,
 They must have chewed it after marriage ;
 Hence, while th'unlucky nostrum cooled him,
 She grew the hotter, and thus fooled him.*

In Lithuania, it is said,
 They've "*Helpers of the marriage bed*,"
 To whom the husbands, as they should,
 Feel most unbounded gratitude,

* "*Meadow Rue Thalictrum*. The ancient astrologers declare this herb hath a property of making a man chaste ; but a woman it fills with lust."—*Culpeper's English Physician and Complete Herbal*.

Nor entertain the least despite
For what their *wives* assure them 's right.*

Why did not *he* this plan pursue,
And take like them a helper too ?
If scandal did from thence proceed,
He could the nation's custom plead,
Since all who live at Rome, 'tis said,
Must by Rome's *fantasies* be led.†

In other countries more fastidious,
They seek by damages prodigious,
Their wounded honor to appease,
A plan which gives them instant ease,
So potent in more polished nations,
Is gold for curing reputations.

* "We read, that in the country of Lituania, there is a peculiar custome that married men have *Adjutores Tori*, *Helpers of the marriage bed*, which, by their concent, lye with their wives; and these husbands are so farre from conceiving either hatred or jealousie against them, that they esteeme them their principall friends. Surely the beds in that country are bigger than in other places: seeing amongst all other nations, a wife is a vessell, wherein the Cape-merchant will not admit any adventurers to share with him."—*Fuller's Andronicus*, 1646.

† The well-known proverbial saying;—

"When you are at Rome
Do as they do at Rome."

Is said to have originated from the following observation of St. Ambrose. "In matters of form only, and where not any fundamental principle of rectitude be violated, it is proper to be guided by general usage: when I am here, I do not *fast* on Saturdays; but when I am at Rome, I *do as they do at Rome*."

F

Oh Mammon! what a God art thou!
The only one that's worshipped now—
For though in seeming scorn, men raise
No visible altar to thy praise,
Their inward aspirations rise
To thee alone, in sacrifice;
And those who never bend the knee
To God, fall down and worship thee!

For *Gold* the unscrupulous gambler toils,
And battens on dishonest spoils;
Nor heeds a proud and ancient name
Thus "damned to everlasting fame."
For *Gold*, even woman's matchless charms
Are bartered—(worth a world in arms)
For *Gold*, the husband sells his wife,—
For *Gold* the bravo lifts his knife,—
For *Gold* the murderer has made
His trade, a profitable trade;
And while his victim's failing breath
Comes gurgling from the well* of death,
Reckons how much the yet warm earth
That lies before him may be worth.

* "We took him directly, asleep and insensible, into the garden, and tied a cord to his feet to enable us to pull him up by, and I then took him in my arms, and let him slide from them headlong into the well in

Doubtless the Surgeons will be glad
 To buy—few *subjects* can be had
 In these hard times, nor need they dread
 Too nice an inquest on the dead—
 They're gone, and that's enough, but *how*?
 Is quite a useless question now:
 If nature's act, none can condemn,
 If murdered, 'tis all one to them,
 They have a subject to dissect,
 The *living*, let the laws protect.*

Gold prompted thus a crime to men,
 In hell undreamt of until then;
 And plunged below that hideous crew
 Whom even the damned with horror view,

the garden.”—“The boy struggled a little with his arms and legs in the water; *the water bubbled for a minute*. We waited till these symptoms were past, and then went in, and afterwards I think we went out, and walked down Shoreditch to *occupy the time*.”—Confession of Bishop, the “*burker*.”

* That fiend in human shape, the murderer Burke, whose unheard of crime has added a new word to the language; admitted in his confession, having deprived *fifteen* human beings of life, in the short period of little more than a year. The greater portion of these victims, met their death by violent means, having been either strangled or suffocated: yet it does not appear from the evidence given at the trial, that any misgiving arose in the mind of the Surgeon or his Assistants, by whom the bodies were purchased, as to how they were procured; nor was it through *their* instrumentality, that this wholesale murderer was at length brought to justice.

As thunder-stricken, they emerge
Yelling from Hell's infernal surge,
And feeling in each boiling brain,
The full intensity of pain !

Kings, patriots, priests, are bought and sold
For *Gold*, for all persuasive *Gold* !
That mute, though eloquent appeal,
To rouse from slumber torpid zeal,
And hurl each passion's living snake,
Against the world for Mammon's sake.

"*Knowledge is power*," we have been told,
More true had this been said of *Gold* !
That mighty lever, by whose aid,
Nations are rescued, or betrayed ;
Men sold to slavery, and again
Redeemed from slavery's galling chain ;
Worlds sought—discovered—civilized,
By all the arts their conquerors prized ;
Mingled with vices, such as ne'er
Had found before a footing there ;
But which to Pluto's great content
Has many a soul to Hades sent.

Most glorious *Gold* ! Columbia's horde
Soon felt th' exterminating sword,

When Thou before the Spaniard's gaze,
Bade thy red bars and ingots blaze !
What then to him was mercy's prayer ?
Even God had called in vain to spare !
So brightly didst thou shine, to win
The conquering homicide to sin,
As rushing on, all blood-defiled,
He grimly seized on thee, and smiled !

Oh *Gold*, thou bright and glittering snare,
For thee, what will not mortals dare ?
Hell's magnet ! whose attractive power
Draws headlong down, from hour to hour,
A mighty deluge of the damned,
'Till these dark labyrinths are crammed !
Thou prop on which our empire stands—
Briareus ! with thy hundred hands,
And multitudinous limbs, employed
With us, in filling Hell's dark void,
Which had been empty without thee,
Of Hades the Divinity !

But whither has the whirl of thought,
Thus moved by all that Gold has wrought
For Hell's dark empire, led me on ?
Alas ! our occupation's gone,

If once with credulous haste, we yield
To frightened imbeciles the field ;
Who rendered by their sufferings dumb,
To terror, not to right succumb.
Shall we to the opinion bow
Of one who doth his shame avow,
Yet hopes to mystify our ears,
And cheat our judgment through our fears ?
Make us his panders to assuage
Against the sex his dastard rage ;
And maddened by the escapade,
His wife in luckless moment made,
Damn the whole race of womankind,
Because *one* was to sin inclined.

If, let me ask, his erring spouse
Had not transgressed her nuptial vows,
Would thus the trumpet of his anger
Have poured forth such infernal clangor,
Astounding with its horrid noise
That sex, the source of all our joys ?
No—'twas that solitary fact—
(I laud her for the glorious act)
That filled to bursting, since his fall,
His mind with bitterness and gall,

Gave to his thoughts this crooked twist,
And made him a mesogamist.

Thus having vented forth his spite,
Down Belial sat, while black as night
His brow became, from under which
Two fiery eyes like burning pitch,
Glared fiercely on th' assembled crowd,
As doth the lightning from its shroud,
By way of telling to the world
A thunder-bolt will soon be hurled.
This made the less pugnacious feel
A tremor strange from head to heel,
Which bade them cautiously beware
Provoking an unmuzzled bear,
Whose wrath, like powder would ignite
The moment it was touched with light.

In fact, the chemically wise
Much wished his brain to analyze,
And whisp'ring to each other, said
There's too much phosphorus in his head,
And that's well known, when in excess,
(That is, four grains, or more or less)

To irritate man's nervous system,
And into furious madness twist him.*

’Twere therefore best, since none can doubt
The fit at length has broken out,
To watch his movements thus unsteady—
Have cold-baths, and straight-waistcoats ready—
Go all the lengths Physicians go
To keep men mad, or make them so,
By using stripes and blows, to maim
The spirit, through the body's shame ;
And manacles to fret and bind
The less ethereal part of mind,
Lest reason to the wandering brain
Should feel inclined to come again.
Perhaps objections may arise
From those of milder sympathies ;

* *M. Courbe*, an eminent French Chemist, has ascertained that the brain in its normal state, contains from 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of phosphorus, while the brains of idiots contain but 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$, and those of madmen 3, 4, or even $4\frac{1}{2}$. “Thus,” says *M. Courbe*, “it would follow, that the absence of phosphorus from the brain would reduce man to the sad state of a brute ; that the great excess of this substance would irritate the nervous system, exalt the individual, and drive him into that furious excitement which we call madness or mental alienation ; and finally, that a mean proportion re-establishes the equilibrium, gives birth to the most sublime thoughts, and produces that admirable harmony which, in fact, is the soul of the spiritualists.”

But let them bear in mind our plan,
We borrow from that creature man,
Who acts with his well-known humanity,
To those *convicted* of insanity.
What shame to us can then accrue ?
We do, but as Mad-doctors do,
Reverse the miracle of old,
Which of the Saviour has been told ;
And drive the fierce and devilish rout
Into man's soul, instead of out.

Thus communed they, when with a frown,
Abaddon from his throne came down—
An old and credulous debater,
Who acted as Hell's moderator,
And always rose when Satan's peers
Were set together by the ears :
Hence oft his speeches, long and dull
Flowed gently forth, and caused a lull
Whene'er the assembly grew too warm,
Like oil on water in a storm.
Grave was his aspect, while his brow
Hung beetling o'er the eyes below,
That glimmered like the flickering light
In lanterns on a foggy night,

And gave his face the sober air
Of Wisdom—but she was not there ;
However, as 'tis from externals
We mostly judge, and think the kernels
Are good, because the husk or shell
Is fair and smooth in which they dwell :
Abaddon's grave and plodding visage,
When coupled with the thoughts of *his* age,
Made others treat him with great deference,
And use him as a book of reference.

Well might they do so, for his head
Was doubtless, strangely furnished,
With odds and ends and scraps of lore,
Gleaned chiefly from the days of yore,
When Learning, in a mingled yarn
Of odd materials, kept her warm :
A cloak so large, and strangely made,
The virgin seemed in masquerade ;
For strewed with patches here and there,
Both long and short, and round and square,
It wrapt her in so dense a screen,
Her features scarcely could be seen.

Astrology, upon the back
Had from his crazy almanac

Copied his circles, squares, and trines,
And sundry cabalistic signs ;
Which made Astronomy run wild,
To see her science so defiled.
Then both the elbows, which from leaning
Upon her desk to find the meaning
Of certain tomes of School divinity,
(Where Sense, split into an infinity
Of slender threads, had lost its strength)
Had fallen into holes at length,
Were patched with sundry filthy rags
From Superstition's hoarded bags.

Enveloped thus in ancient days,
Poor Learning, in the endless maze,
Of this strange garment, which impeded
The wholesome air and light she needed,
Sat brooding o'er, in dull inaction,
Some metaphysical abstraction.

What marvel then, since from this source
Abaddon's knowledge held its course,
"Such reading as was never read,"*
Crept slyly in, and made his head

* Pope's Dunciad.

Resemble, from the crude injection,
A Bibliomaniac's collection !
Where first editions are still reckoned
Far better than the third, or second,
And though well known to be the worst,
Are prized, because they are the first :
Where, pilfered from the good old times,
Black-letter tomes or nursery rhymes
Are purchased for their weight in gold
Merely because the date is old—
Although the veriest trash that e'er
Made printer's imp, or pressman stare.*
Large-paper copies too—uniques,
(Such are the Bibliomaniac's freaks)
Prized not for their contents, but only
Because the precious work's a lonely
Unmarried book, and has no brothers
To grace the unhappy shelves of others.
Scarce manuscripts—(alas we know
What we such collectors owe,
When Massinger, with genius fraught,
Rekurs to the indignant thought)—

* " Books are purchased now at extravagant rates, not because they are good, but because they are scarce."—*Gifford's Massinger*.

Scarce manuscripts to deck the study,
 Till some fair cook-maid, sleek and ruddy,
 To singe her cursed fowls, bereaves
 Poor Learning of the Sybyl's leaves.*

In fact, Abaddon, from his college
 Brought with him a great name for knowledge,
 Having passed the ordeal with much credit;
 And some 'twas Belzebub that said it)
 Maintained him equal in profundity,
 To any on the world's rotundity.
 Though many, sceptical of this
 Thought otherwise, it passed *nem. diss.*
 Among the crowd, who still are prone
 To other's thoughts to yield their own;
 Its truth I'll therefore not dispute,
 Although the blossoms bore no fruit.

* "Among the manuscript plays collected with so much care by Mr. Warburton, (Somerset Herald,) and applied with such perseverance by his cook to the covering of his pies, were no less than twelve, said to be written by Massinger:" and, "when it is added that, together with these, forty other manuscript plays of various authors were destroyed, it will readily be allowed that English Literature has seldom sustained a greater loss than by the strange conduct of Mr. Warburton, who becoming the master of treasures which ages may not reproduce, lodges them, as he says, in the hands of an ignorant servant, and when, after a lapse of years, he condescends to revisit his hoards, finds that they have been burnt from an economical wish to save him the charges of more valuable brown paper!"—*Gifford's Massinger*.

For he, exerting great self-knowledge,
Determined, since he came from college
A sort of literary comet,
No act of his detracting from it,
Should with its intervening haze
Obstruct his reputation's blaze :
And therefore, lingering near the shores
Of Learning, lay upon his oars,
Nor ventured from their shade to creep
Into the bathos, or great deep,
Since numbers in that frothy sea
Had shipwrecked been, and why not he.

No folios therefore, theological—
No quartos, anti-geological—
Octavos, dry and metaphysical—
Duodecimos, so short and quizzical—
Or in Reviews, no learned article
On men or books, in which no particle
Of the poor author's thoughts are shewn,
But merely the Reviewer's own—
Came from him, to bring down this hero
In Fame's thermometer to zero.

Having, in short, obtained the name
Of being wise, which is the same

With many who believe whate'er
The world is pleased to say or swear ;
He still contrived to keep his station,
By living on his reputation,
And nursing it with mighty care,
As mothers do a sickly heir.

Such was the imp—but hold ! I must
Describe Hell's seats of learning, first :
Know then, in Pandemonium's land
Two Universities expand,
Whose charters of an ancient date,
Almost coeval with the state,
Obscured with venerable dust,
Scarce shew the charge they have in trust.
Much wealth these dormitories hold
Within their consecrated fold,
Derived from many a pious vow,
But from its course divested now
By knaves to benefit themselves ;
For like their tools on earth, these elves
Contrived by many a secret sluice,
To turn it from its proper use,
And place beneath their own control,
That which was meant to serve the whole.

These hot-beds of the lower world,
In which Hell's progeny are hurled
To fit them in man's toils to share,
Are Satan's most especial care :
For after an examination
To prove them fit for their vocation,
They're sent above to seek their prey,
And turn men's souls the other way.

Of late indeed, complaints were made
By grave professors in the trade
Of mischief—that these chosen fellows
But feebly puffed at Hell's great bellows ;
Being, they said, too well endowed,
And far too pursy, and too proud,
To do their work with care and zeal
Befitting of the public weal.

This caused an awful hue and cry,
And fuss, among the holy fry,
Who feared they'd lose—the truth once known—
What they were pleased to call their own,
And not the Public's. None, they stated,
So badly were remunerated,
Yet meekly did they bear their lot,
Their toil, their poverty forgot :

The Public therefore, who were prone
To mind all business but their own,
Had better look at home, they muttered,
And not mind how *their* bread was buttered.

As for their luxury and sloth,
(For they had been accused of both)
They merely acted as their friends
On earth did—for their private ends—
But these once served, the public shared
The scanty remnant, they declared,
And were most generously fed
With holy words, instead of bread.

'Tis true, the founder of their college,
Born in the elder days of knowledge,
Chose his disciples from among
The poor in pocket, not in tongue ;
And told them riches but impeded
The singleness of heart they needed,
Since it was far a harder task
To roll a full, than empty cask.

But this was when their means were few—
Their college lately founded too—
And though they meant not to dispraise
The imps of those *old-fashioned* days ;

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Yet still the case, they begged to hint,
Differed as much as chalk from flint;
Since they had now their proper weight,
And formed the key-stone of the State—
That useful stone which kept the *piers**
From tumbling down about their ears.

Besides, their college, they were proud
To say, most amply was endowed,
And therefore surely 'twas absurd
That they should labour like the herd,
Whose fate it was to work or starve—
And when there's nothing left to carve,
Folks feel a something mighty comical
About the region gastronomical,
Whose various members in a passion,
Demand if eating's out of fashion.
Since hunger then alone compels
The poor to work, and nothing else,
Their merits and their claims, they stated,
Had surely been much over-rated.
Not that they meant to under-rate
Those useful drudges in a State

* Quære, " Peers ?" Printer's devil,

Who do the work, and thus enable
The better sort to keep a table,
Befitting those whose purer blood,
Was circling long before the flood!—
(For like their protégés on earth
Imps pride themselves upon their birth)
No—no—they merely meant to say,
Such folks were useful in their way,
Provided that they worked in fetters,
And left Hell's produce to their betters;
Nor ventured from their humble lair—
But still remembered that they were
The dregs that to the bottom roll,
Of demon-life's capacious bowl.

However, as they had no doubt,
These arguments would put to rout
The petty cavils of the rude,
And always "*swinish multitude*;"
They'd merely in conclusion, quote
A speech of which they'd taken note,
Since it would prove their acts had birth
From grave examples upon earth:

From those so truly orthodox,
They fed themselves, and starved their flocks,
And therefore were a fitting sample,
For *them* to cite as an example.

When Lucius, the first convertite
(At least of Kings) from wrong to right,
Embraced the Christian faith, he drew
The Pagan Hierarchs with him too :
Who, either from conviction turning,
Or their own interest discerning,
With prompt alacrity became
Good Christian priests, at least in name,
And habit, for each reverend flamen,
As he the royal presence came in,
Was by "some devilish cantrip slight"
Turned to a Bishop in each sight,*
Being well endowed for their submission,
And greatly mended in condition.

* "*Flamines turned into Bishops.* It is to be seene, in the Brittiish hystorie, and others, that at such time as King *Lucius* (the first christened Prince of this Land) had renounced the damnable darknes of *Paganisme*, and embraced the glorious light of the Gospell of God, he changed the *Archflamines* of London, Yorke, and *Caerleon*, into so many Archbishops: and the *Flamines* of other inferior places, into inferior Bishops, throughout his whole realme."—*Lambard's Perambulation through Kent.*—1570.

What said these wealthy churchmen, who
 Like *them* were persecuted too,
 Because their fortunes, 'twas well known,
 Had like their paunches monstrous grown—
 Such tendency have bodies clerical,
 Of thus becoming plump and spherical,
 And making, quoth the phrase so odd,
 “A round, fat, oily, man of God!”
 Which proves beyond a doubt, the elves
 Preach fasting, but ne’er fast themselves.*
 What said they to the murmuring crowd,
 Who deemed them far too rich and proud;
 And thought how oddly they would jostle
 Beside a primitive apostle,
 Whose mind on holy things absorbed,
 Forbade the paunch becoming orbéd,
 And clothed in unspiritual fat!
 Think, Master Ford, pray think of that,

* John Rawlin, of the order of Cluny, in his *Sermones Quadragesimales*, among other impertinences, says, “that as a coach goes faster when it is empty—by fasting a man can be better united to God: for it is a principle with geometers, that a round body can never touch a plane but in one point; but God is this surface, according to these words, *Justus et Rectus Dominus*—a belly too well fed becomes round, it therefore cannot touch God except in one point; but fasting flattens the belly, and it is then united with the surface of God in all points!”—*Brady's Clavis Calendaria*.

And then propound us, if you can sir,
What was their grave and learned answer ?

Men of ten-thousand fast and pray,
And mortify themselves ?—Not they—
The poor might do so—nay they ought,
'Twould be economy they thought,
And lessen in a great degree
Their waste, and thence their poverty.
Yet if such folks, they begged to add,
Fasted because no meal they had,
The merit in that case was small,
Or rather there was none at all ;
Since voluntary fasts alone
Could for men's sinful acts atone.
But if *they* fasted !—Fast ! when Ude
With all his countless multitude
Of viands wrought with heavenly science,
Proudly sets fasting at defiance,
Impossible ! Oh who could ask
Man to perform the cruel task !
What *fast*, when with consummate art,
That great magician sways the heart,

Or rather stomach, at his will,
And makes its very pulses thrill,
As spoils from earth, and air, and sea,
Pass in their fair variety :
Until the gourmand with a sigh
Ogles the dishes gliding by,
And wishes that his appetite
Might, like Antæus in the fight,
With strength renewed at every fall
Last till he triumphed over all.
They keep a Turkish Ramad'han,
With such temptations in the van—
'Twas more than man, or at the least
They begged to say, far more than priest
Could do, thus wilfully to smite
With abstinence his appetite,
When roused to fury by delay,
Its fierce antenna groped for prey.

'Tis true some casuist had hit,
(Heav'n had no doubt inspired his wit)
Upon a safe and middle way
This odious precept to obey ;
Proving that fish, the happy creatures,
Were far less sinful in their natures

Than fowls or beasts, and might of course,
 Be eat on fast days *sans* remorse.*
 Hence while the poorer class grew fat
 On a red-herring, or a sprat ;
 A salmon, or perhaps John Dory,
 A turbot huge in all its glory,
 Carp stewed in claret, or more choice
 To some, cod served with oyster sauce,
 Sufficed, though poorly, to stay
 Their nicer stomachs through the day.†

They had, as they were pleased to own,
 In size somewhat unwieldy grown,
 But this was not by gormandizing,
 Although their plumpness *was* surprising.

* "For the holi Goste in making the worlde was borne on the water; wherefore, Allmyghte God for Adam is syn cursed the erthe and spared the water: Therefore it is lefull to a man for to ete in Lent that comyth of the water."

"It remained for subsequent ingenuity to create a religious distinction between the flesh of terrene animals and fish: the object was evidently that the Christians should subject themselves to self-denial, but the particular taste of each individual ought to have been known, before it could be ascertained whether they were really effected by an abstinence from flesh or fish.—*Brady's Clavis Calendaria*.

† "That feasting upon turbot, cod with oyster sauce, carp stewed in claret, &c. should now be deemed a mortification, and eating of flesh, certainly as easily and more commonly obtained, a luxury, appears too much like a jest, to be easily reconciled to sober consideration."—*Brady's Clavis Calendaria*.

'Twas thought alone—deep painful thought
So wonderful a change had wrought,
For while the rest in sleep were losing
The day's affliction—*they*, still musing
About man's welfare, and all that,
Like the Grand Lama pondering sat,
And thus in sedentary toil
For others, burnt their midnight oil.
If therefore they in size had grown
Unwieldy, 'twas from thought alone—
For thought, when man's in grave inaction,
Causes the body's rarefaction,
And swells and purses out the skin,
Like bladders from the air within.
Apollo's priestess, as we know
Became of old inflated so,
When from the tripod where she sate,
She darkly poured the words of fate ;
For which by the believing crowd,
His temple richly was endowed,
Although when once the fit was o'er,
She grew much weaker than before.
Her *body* suffered, not her *purse*—
With them, the case was the reverse—

In fact their temporal affairs,
While thus on man's spiritual cares
Employed, had nearly gone to ruin—
Their charity was their undoing,
But this, 'twas known, they were persuaded,
No men cared less about than they did.

As for their characters, 'twere well
Opinion's moral crucible
To search, in order men might see
Th' residuum's faultless purity ;
So oft their virtues had defied
The test by envious minds applied.
Nor were they selfishly content
(Themselves by sin's rude gale unbent)
To let the souls of laymen fall
Without an effort to recall,
Reproach, admonish, and persuade,
The sheep who from the pasture strayed,
As well the pulpit and the press
Could prove, would men the truth confess.
Nay more, uplifting judgment's rod,
Which appertains alone to God,

(So weak men think) they deemed it fit
Their fiat should reject—admit—
According to their narrow scale,
The dead within the temple's veil,
Where those whose fame a glory flings
On States, are sepulchred with Kings!
Hence, acting on this plan alone,
They were the first to cast a stone
At him, the bard whose mighty strain
What age shall reproduce again!
Forbidding him to rest his head
Within "the temple where the dead
Are honoured by the nations."*—No,
However exquisite the flow

* A few years ago it was stated in the papers, that a full length statue of Lord Byron, by the celebrated sculptor Thorwaldsen had arrived in this country; but had been refused admission into the Abbey of Westminster, by those Reverend Dignitaries who have arrogated to themselves the right of exclusion from its precincts. They had previously, it is well known, on a wish having been intimated to them, that the remains of the great bard should be interred in the same temple where the mighty of past ages are "honoured by the nations;" refused to accede to the request, on the ground of the immorality of his writings: thus following up the intolerant spirit which led Dr. Sprat, when Dean of Westminster, to exclude an epitaph for the monument of Phillips, in which he was said to be *soli Miltono secundus*; the very name of Milton, being, "in his opinion," says Dr. Johnson, "too detestable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion."

Of his immortal song—they thought
The inspiration from it caught
Was dangerous in times of change,
When men are far too prone to range.
Besides 'twas studded here and there,
With thoughts that really made them stare,
And which they scarcely could endure,
Though to the pure all things are pure.
They therefore with the Pharisee,
Thanked God, they were not such as he,
And with true Churchmen's zeal forbade
His corse being in their minster laid.*
'Tis true, the Public, unprepared
For such an action, merely stared,
And marvelled how the Church had gained
A power they thought no law sustained.
What did the foolish people mean?
It was the Bishop and the Dean,
And not the Nation, who possessed
The right to act as they thought best,

* Will Sir John Cam Hobhouse permit a stranger to enquire, what has become of the statue by the Danish sculptor; or how the subscription collected many years ago, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of his illustrious friend, has been appropriated?

And do, as had been often shewn,
Whatever pleased them with their own.
They were no doubt, the Church's heirs,
The space within its wall was their's,
From whence they might at will exclude
Those whom the ignorant multitude
Would force upon them, deeming fame
And goodness, silly fools, the same.

Yet strangers arrogantly thought,
When told the grave they vainly sought
Within the proud and hallowed pile,
That held the mightiest of the isle,
Was placed, where lay his sire's remains,
Beneath the humblest of all fanes :
The Nation for such honoured dust,
Should claim the *right* of being just,
Remembering the piles that spanned
Her shores—the glory of the land—
Her power had raised, her wealth endowed ;
Nor was it meet a selfish crowd,
Inspired by bigotry, should dare
Exclude the dead from slumb'ring there,
Whom she thought worthy to recline
Beneath her dedicated shrine.

Vain sophistry !—the right they claimed
Had passed for centuries unblamed,
And customs, which at first men saw
With wonder, soon became a law,
Like paths, the owner of a field
Who questions not in time, must yield.

'Tis true, they were not always found
So strict—but they had reasons sound
For sometimes varying from the way,
For those who could afford to pay ;
Admittance to the smaller fry
Being given, could they afford to buy
A grave among the great and good,
Much honoured by their neighbourhood.

These matters, added to the rate
They levied at the Minster's gate,
As well as at each several shrine
Within its sanctuary divine ;
Made foreigners with scornful air,
Demand where stood the house of prayer,
And whether 'twas by levying tolls
They hoped to save men's sinful souls.

'Twas plain these strangers in the land,
Were too obtuse to understand
The nice morality that made
The sinner pay, before he prayed,
Lest gaining through a toll-less gate,
Salvation at too cheap a rate,
He held the boon a thing of nought,
And prized it little, since unbought.

Hence tax collectors at each door
Were duly placed, to keep the poor
From entering the sacred fane,
Lest they its altar should profane ;
Whence mitred Pomp her incense flings
With lavish hand on Lords and Kings,
And keeps for those her holy prayer,
Whose souls are worth a churchman's care !

He who the motive not perceives,
Will deem God's house " a den of thieves,"
And rashly seek some vain pretence
To drive the money changers thence :
Affirming men (how very odd)
Are equal in the eye of God,

And that the Church from spire to crypt,
Wants her "*Abuses stript and whipt.*"*

Rash judgments these, which envious men
Pour forth, as spring-tides now and then
Upsurging, rush upon the shore,
Recede, and then are seen no more.

What gives to coins their value just?
Th' ærugo's venerable crust!
What gives to ruins the sublime
And touching eloquence of time?
The tapestry that Nature flings
Around the walls in verdant rings,
As if she thought to hide or stay,
The unerring progress of decay,
Even thus their glorious Church appears,
Where Customs of a thousand years
Their variegated hues dispose
Around, like moss upon the rose,

* These "*Satyrical Essayes*," by the noted George Withers, gave so much offence, that the Author was committed to the Marshalsea, where he continued several months. The first Edition appeared in 1663, and was probably suppressed by the Author—it being extremely scarce.

Giving to that already fair,
A beauty still more rich and rare:
Observances so old, that none
Could tell by whom, or when begun,
Which yet irreverent men, who held
That use, antiquity excelled,
Abuses termed, and sought to fold
Their arms around the pillars old,
Like him of Gaza, to confound
And drag the structure to the ground.

Rash fools, who with unhallowed rage,
Would strip the ornaments from age—
The graceful veil which Time has cast
Around the fragments of the past,
To hide their mouldering state from view
And give them warmth and comfort too:
No scanty garment, old and bare,
Such as Humility might wear,
But Pride's full robe, which wrapt them round,
And swept with ample folds the ground.

The fourteenth Louis—he whose fame
Folks know not or to praise, or blame,

H

So greatly has the blaze of light
 Around his actions, dimmed the sight,
 And magnified to giant size
 Deeds, which if stripped of their disguise,
 Would shine, as shines a mass putrescent,
 With lustre bright, but evanescent.
 This potent monarch, famed in story
 For starving France, to raise her glory,
 Heedless alike of right or law,
 Was wont to say—" *L'Etat, c'est moi.*"*
 They, in like manner, some were prone
 To whisper, deemed the Church their own,
 And muttered, spite of Satire's birch,
 And Wisdom's smile—" *We are the Church*"—
 An idle tale which none believed,
 Save those by envious sects deceived.

* This exclamation of the Grand Monarque, reminds me of an anecdote of the immortal Handel, which is pleasantly told by Dr. Kitchener in his Housekeeper's Ledger. "Our incomparable and inspired composer, Handel," he remarks, "required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food. Among other stories told of this great musician, it is said, that whenever he dined, he always ordered 'DINNER FOR THREE,'—and on receiving for answer to his question—'Is the dinner retty?'—'As soon as the company come'—he said '*con strepito*' den pring up te tinner '*prestissimo*,' I AM DE COMPANY."

One thing indeed, from first to last,
Had still into their teeth been cast,
Which many thought a proof that they
Diverging from the proper way,
Were less spiritual than carnal—
And that within their church, the darnel
Had choaked with its luxuriant shoots,
The growth of more nutritious roots.
But this, with all the deference due
To such objectors, was not true—
Although among the lower classes,
Whose eyes are magnifying glasses,
Each little speck that soiled their mitres
Was made a theme for party writers,
And swelled to such a monstrous size,
Few knew them in the strange disguise.

What was the trifle which had thus
Created such a mighty fuss,
And caused the multitude to hiss
Their state in passing ?—Simply this.
One sickly corner of the church
Was left by Luther in the lurch,
When he administered his pill—
Or rather, dubious of his skill,

Refused like fools to take his physic
Though troubled with a grievous phthisic;
Still swallowing, with great tranquillity,
Quack nostrums whose *infallibility*,
Had been, they said, believed so long,
'Twas heresy to deem them wrong.

Now England, though 'tis somewhat strange,
Was much beholden for the change
To bluff King Hal, of noted *purity*,
Who brought the matter to maturity,
When Rome to check his evil course,
Refused to sanction his divorce—
Thus having, in their haste to stop
Their tottering church, removed the prop.*

Being thus the lord of the ascendant,
And Rome too, in her turn, dependant,
Successive Kings to make them great
Dove-tailed Religion to the State—
Handcuffed their foes, and snugly bound them
With many a penalty around them—

* "Because the bould King Henry Aight was a skhandle to Christian people, in regard o' the female women, he gave to the sort o' clergy livin' in his time ache a wife a piece, and maybe sometimes more, according to his own fancy, just that they shouldn't be bringing himself over the coals for his own doin's."—*The Mayor of Wind-gap*.

Gagged them—and made them, as was right,
 Pay to *their* church, th' unwilling mite,
 And in a way they most abhorred,
 Thus indirectly serve the Lord!*

'Twas this to which some folks objected,
 With wrath or heresy infected—
 "What!—make them pay for two religions,
 "Thus plucking them as simple pigeons
 "In Crockford's Pandemonium are,
 "By other black-legs, till they're bare?
 "Pay for the prayer they never hear,
 "Or deem infectious to the ear?

* "A statute was fabricated in the year 1699, by which the saying mass (a church service in the Latin tongue, not exactly the same as our Liturgy, but very near it, and containing no offence whatsoever against the laws, or against good morals) was forged into a crime punishable with perpetual imprisonment. The teaching school, an useful and virtuous occupation, even the teaching in a private family, was in every Catholic subjected to the same unproportioned punishment. Your industry, and the bread of your children, was taxed for a pecuniary reward to stimulate avarice to do what nature refused, to inform and prosecute on this law. Every Roman Catholic was under the same act, to forfeit his estate to his nearest Protestant relation, until, through a profession of what he did not believe, he redeemed by his hypocrisy, what the law had transferred to the kinsman as the recompence of his profligacy. When thus turned out of doors from his paternal estate, he was disabled from acquiring any other by any industry, donation, or charity; but was rendered a foreigner in his native land, only because he retained the religion, along with the property, handed down to him from those who had been the old inhabitants of that land before him."—*Burke*.

**" Pay to support a clergy, who
" Deem them a lost and fallen crew ?
" Pay to support what they disown,
" A church that treats with scorn their own—
" A church they reckon sacrilegious,
" Yet pay for its support ?—Prodigious !"—**

Now this, they said, and other gammon
About their serving God and Mammon,
Was still the cry with those, who thought
Each man should pay the church that taught
The faith to which his mind was prone,
And heart believed in—that alone.

To this however, they'd appeal,
Since 'twas indicative of zeal
For true religion, thus to squeeze
From heretics their holy fees.
Heaven knew their toil, as was befitting,
In this good cause was unremitting ;
And that for years, they had by doctoring
Their stubborn patients, and tithe proctoring,
Striven to make them take the pill,
But they alas ! were stubborn still.
Since therefore, obstinate in evil,
They chose the high road to the devil,

And would not, though advised, forego
 The triple crown, and holy toe ;
 'Twas surely right from such abuses
 To turn their wealth to pious uses,
 And thus expend it on themselves,
 Instead of such unholy elves.

'Tis true that some, like Bolingbroke,
 (Perhaps 'twas but a sceptic's joke)
 Declared a churchman's holy fuss is
 Much like the clamour of Jove's nurses,
 Made for a purpose somewhat odd,
 Merely to drown the voice of God :*
 Whose saving goodness little heeds
 A wide diversity of creeds ;
 Should mortals innocently hold,
 The faith their fathers held of old.

Vile doctrines—framed to separate
 That holy compact, Church and State,
 Opening a thousand ways to heaven,
 Instead of that so smooth and even,
 Made by the Church for those who trod
 The way *she* pointed out, to God !

* "The priests, said Bolingbroke, remind me of the nurses of Jupiter—they make a great clamour, in order to drown the voice of their God."—*Bulwer's Devereux*.

Since that which people call the *new* light,
 Is like an evanescent blue light,
 That burns a moment to confound
 The sight with deeper blackness round.

However, had they been content
 To rest quiescent in dissent,
 And paid to Mother Church her dues,
 (Who never would the gift refuse,)
 They might have all turned Adamites*
 Ere she had meddled with their rights,
 Or asked them where or how they prayed,
 Provided she was duly paid.

In short, the holy clerks, whose care
 Kept the proud fabric in repair,

* "*Adamites*.—A sect of Heretics begun in *Bohemia* about two hundred years since, by *Adamus Pastor* an ignorant fellow, who pretended, forsooth, to raise a sort of sanctified people, but indeed it was rather an herd of shameless beasts; one proper mark of their profession was, to meet stark naked in their synagogues, which were sometimes hot stoves, and none were to be admitted into their number, but such as could stand stark naked before the rest of their company, men and women, for the space of an hour, without shame or blushing; they held sundry heretical Doctrines, as that in Christ there is but one nature, &c. There were in the third age after Christ, some that gave beginning to such a Sect, but failing of acceptance, it died, or lay as it were raked up in Embers till the forenamed *Adamus* blew this cole in *Bohemia*, and afterwards about the year 1535 in *Holland*, chiefly at *Amsterdam*, *Utrecht*, and *Emden*, in which and many other places they are still conceived to be lurking."—*Blount's Glossographia*.—1674.

Or liked their ease, or health too well,
To venture rudely in the swell
Of men's opinions—'till it reached
Too near the doctrines that they preached,
And threatened in unlucky hour,
To sweep them both from place and power!

They never dreamt of a crusade,
When tithes and rates were duly paid;
Nor sent forth Reverend mountebanks
From stage to stage to play their pranks,
Till Innovation with her birch
“Broke the fat slumbers of the Church;”
And made them feel the time was come
When 'twould be madness to be dumb.
Then starting with uneasy yawn,
Uprose the saints in crape and lawn,
Denizens of pulpit and of stall,
Rectors and Curates, Vergers—all.—
In short the whole Church militant
At once from sloth to action went,
And fearful of an empty manger,
Loudly proclaimed the Church in danger—

• Gibbon.

Meaning, no doubt, its loaves and fishes,
Those objects of their secret wishes,
That now, no longer as of old
Are multiplied ten thousand fold
To feed a starving multitude,
But set apart—'twas right they should—
For those who slumbered on the stall,
With fortunes, even then, too small
To satisfy their wants, and give
Such ghostly fathers means to live.

Alas! for those unreckoning days,
When men, whom foolishly we praise,
Went forth to preach, yet took no care,
Poor idiots! of to-morrow's fare,
So little carnal wants controlled
The simple fishermen of old—
So conscientiously their creed
They followed—simple men indeed—
Their Master's interests to make known,
Yet wholly to forget their own!

Thus having, quoth the Imps, our side
With grave examples fortified,

On which (and here a graceful bend
Each spirit made) none will contend
Reliance ought not to be laid ;
Since from the first a fierce crusade
Against these holy Clerks, engrossed
The strength of Hell's embattled host ;
So hard they worked from the beginning,
To keep the human race from sinning.

Of late—and some perhaps might wink
And such an act unlawful think—
Of late both parties from fatigue,
Had with each other formed a league,
And rested on their oars, nor strove
Or this, or t' other way to move,
So much—and here let none condemn—
Their former work exhausted them.

But where's Abaddon?—he who rose
The fiery discord to compose
Which Belial's angry speech had caused?—
With arm extended, first he paused,
Then gazing round him with a look
Of mild, yet dignified rebuke,

Thus spoke:—

And shall we, mighty lords,
Waste in an idle strife of words
And angry clamour, mental powers
So deep and eloquent as ours?
Shall we, just like the puny race
Of Members in another place,
Day after day constituents baulk,
By *talk—talk*—nothing else but *talk*?
The whole batch of the grave six-hundred,
Deeming their interest would be sundered
With those who sent them there, unless
Upon each subject they digress,
And shove, poor fools! their rush-light spark in,
To light those themes they only darken.
And yet the people, silly folks!
Swallow with open mouth, the hoax—
Believe these worthies when they bawl,
And deem them patriots—patriots all!*

* “Patriots,” says Walpole, “spring up like mushrooms; I could raise fifty of them within four-and-twenty hours. I have raised many of them in one night. It is but refusing to gratify an unreasonable or insolent demand, and up starts a patriot.”

In Turkey, when from tower and steeple,
 The loud-voiced Muezzin to the people
 At evening's close, or morning's rise,
La Allah illa Allah, cries;
 The long-eared brethren for the nonce,
 Like Parish Clerks give forth response,
 And with true asinine delight,
 In concert bray with all their might !
 Hence, shocked at such a want of breeding,
 And justly moved to wrath exceeding,
 The solemn Turks maintain that asses
 Are Christians all !*—a thought that passes
 In strangeness most that I have heard,
 And is both slanderous and absurd.

Yet certes, though the charge I scout,
 And of its falshood make no doubt,
 I must confess with shame, alas !
 That many a Christian *is* an ass ;
 As may be seen in either House,
 When Members prove their want of *nous*,

* " The Turks say the asses are all Christians ; and it is not a little curious, that no sooner is the hour of prayer proclaimed from the minaret, and the *La Allah illa Allah* is announced in a clear and sonorous voice, than the solemn and impressive strain is answered by the abominable braying of every ass in the country."—*Sir Wm. Gell*.

By prosing on some favorite hobby,
Until their hearers seek the lobby,
Glad to escape the endless braying
Of those who deem the part they're playing,
Is one to find a place in history ;
Of which Time soon will solve the mystery,
And prove these sapient folks have ears,
As lengthy as their graver *Peers*.

Oft have I, roaming up from Hades,
Sat snugly perched among the ladies
Within that *Tower of Babel*—drest
In female costume like the rest—
With petticoat, and gown, and bonnet,
And flowers, or feathers stuck upon it ;
Coiling my tail, lest it should rustle,
Beneath the whole to form a *bustle*,
And thus preserving my incog.
Lest meddling folks should bid me jog.*

* The following entry occurs in *Grey's Debates*, 1675 : " Some ladies were in the gallery, peeping over the gentlemen's shoulders. The Speaker spying them, called out, " What borough do those ladies serve for ? " To which Sir W. Coventry replied, " They serve for the Speaker's chamber. " Sir Thomas Littleton said, " Perhaps the Speaker may mistake them for gentlemen with fine sleeves, dressed like ladies. " Says the Speaker, " *I am sure I saw petticoats.* "

Alas! full many a weary night
Thus past I, listening to the flight
Of these debaters, while from each
Dribbled the interminable speech—
In the vain hope one single grain
Of wisdom would reward my pain,
And vivify the lifeless mass,
A thing which never came to pass.

Enraged at length to hear them prating,
And waste whole Sessions in debating
On silly matters, when they should
Have *acted* for the public good:
I seized, worked up to sudden ire,
A torch, and set their house on fire;
And scattered thus, both east and west,
These venal rats to do their best,
Till John Bull, such things never cool in,
Rebuild their house to play the fool in.

But I digress.—Friends let us not
In such a matter be too hot;
Nor let the judgment Hell enacts,
Rest upon isolated facts,
Recorded on the partial oath
Of man or woman—doubtful both.

How shall we then, you ask, decide,
If swayed about from side to side,
While either sex recriminates,
And swears as wrath or fear dictates?
In such a case 'twere best to pause,
For oh, my friends! no common cause
We have been called on to discuss.

Man's origin is known to us,
But woman's was an afterthought,
And she, so exquisitely wrought
That nothing the Eternal mind
In its creative power designed,
Approached in beauty to this gem,
Of living things the diadem!
But how created?—Man we know
Was dust, and to the dust must go—
But Woman!—Never from the earth
Could such a brilliant form have birth—
A form in which, fire—water—air—
Might blend, but earth could never share,
Or mar with its gross element,
A frame which Heaven surely lent.
'Tis all a mystery—yet still
We shall I fear, decide but ill,

Unless we know from whence she came,
And whether that most glorious frame—
So soft—so beautifully rounded,
Of good or evil is compounded :
That doubt once solved, we'll better know
What credence to the men we owe ;
Since 'tis but natural to suppose,
The origin from whence she rose,
Would from its tinge of good or evil,
Make her an angel or a devil.
If from a pure and holy source
These shining creatures took their course,
'Tis but a natural surmise
To deem the men's assertions, lies :
But if a dark and turbid wave
To this fair sex existence gave,
Much greater stress may then be laid,
On all that man hath sworn or said.
But how to find a matter out,
So dark—so much involved in doubt,
Quite puzzles me, and I confess
I cannot even make a guess,
Or frame a rational surmise
To strip it of its dark disguise.

Many have been the dreams and lies too,
 This puzzling text has given rise to,
 But none more strange among them all,
 Than one I now to mind recall.
 Know then, a curious thought prevails
 Among the Rabbins, that with tails
 Men were provided when the earth
 First gave the human race their birth;
 But that the Architect who framed them,
 Cut off a growth that only shamed them,
 And made from it the gentler sex!
 But this was only said to vex
 The females, for we cannot doubt
 When he the business went about,
 He'd ne'er form creatures so ethereal,
 Out of so worthless a material.*
 Yet though I doubt, being somewhat cynical,
 A definition so rabbinical—

* "The idea of the Rabbins about the origin of women is singular. They think that man was originally formed with a tail, like a monkey, but that the Diety cut off this appendage behind, and made woman of it."—*Moore's Epistles, Odes, &c.*

(Oh Thomas Moore, how dare you quote
 Such matters, even in a note?
 Think what a troubled sea you swim in,
 Thus turning tail upon the women,
 And pointing with such witty malice,
 Against the sex your learned sallies.)—*Printer's Devil.*

I hold it true with grave Monboddo,
That men were, though the thought is odd, oh !
Created first with tails upon them,
But which they lost by sitting on them,
And thus became in form and shape
More human, and less like the ape.
This accident, however strange,
Led to a salutary change
In man's appearance, while his stride
Was henceforth much more dignified.
For having found this awkward root
Gave him resemblance to the brute,
And puzzled tailors in their craft,
Being always in the way *abaft* ;*
'Twas made a law upon the earth,
To dock all children at their birth,
And by this seeming incongruity,
Deprive them of the superfluity.

Whenever, therefore, men are found
Provided thus, 'tis doctrine sound

* "*Abaft*.—The hinder part of the ship."—*Falconer's Marine Dictionary*.

To deem them but half civilized,
 Since tails by brutes are only prized ;
 But that they were at first by Nature
 Formed with this inconvenient feature,
 Proof incontestible I might
 Bring forward, was there time to night ;
 In fact, there can't a doubt exist,
 Since Bulwer, the *Chirosophist*,
 Proves to a sceptic's satisfaction
 That certain Irish slain in action,
 Had bodies, as a friend related,
 Which, strange to say, thus terminated ;
 This, forty soldiers testified
 On oath, and who shall say they lied ?
 At least no prudent man would do it
 I fancy, lest his health might rue it.*

* [*"Irish Long-tails."*] "And to make it a little more credible, that the Rump-bone among brutish and strong-dockt Nations, doth often sprout out with such an excrecence, or beastly emanation, I am informed by an honest young man of Captain *Morris* Company, in Lieutenant-Generall *Iretons* Regiment, that at *Cashell* in the County of Tipperary, in the Province of *Munster*, in *Carrick Patrick* Church, seated on a hill or rock, stormed by the Lord *Inchequine*, and where there were neare seven hundred put to the sword, and none saved but the Mayor's Wife, and her Son; there were found among the slaine of the *Irish*, when they were stripped, divers that had Tails near a quarter of a yard long; the Relator being very diffident of the truth of this Story, after enquiry, was ensured of the certainty

We know when Becket rode through Stroude,
 A factious and ungodly crowd
 Reviled the Saint, and *sans* remorse,
 Lopped the appendix from his horse ;
 A trick which he, with heaven's aid
 Full soon with interest repaid ;
 For while the irreverent multitude
 Enjoyed the jest with mockery rude,
 Amid their laughter and their jeers,
 Each churl was shook with sudden fears,
 And started with surprise, to find
 A tail was sprouting out behind,
 Which whoso visits Kent, may see
 Adorning still their progeny.*

thereof by forty Souldiers that testified upon their oaths that they were eye-witnesses, being present at the action."

" *Anthropometamorphosis:*

Man Transformed:

or

The Artificiall

Changling," &c.

" *Scriptis J. B. Cognomento Chirosophus, M.D.*"

" *4o Lond. 1653.*"

Such is the title (or rather a portion of it, for the whole would occupy too much space) of the very singular volume, from which the foregoing extract is taken. Of the author, *John Bulwer*, "*surnamed the Chirosopher*"—but little is known. He produced several Tracts, filled with notions equally extravagant, but the "*Anthropometamorphosis*" appears to have been his last labour, for we wholly lose sight of him after its publication.

* "*Polydore Virgil* (handeling that hot contention, between King

Nor is this miracle alone,
 The only one that can be shewn
 In proof of the belief I hold,
 For many yet remain untold ;
 Of which, another will suffice
 To satisfy the over-nice,
 Who dealing still in contradiction,
 Esteem such holy legends fiction.

When Augustine through Dorset past
 Fish tails were rudely at him cast,
 A prank which ended in the shame
 Of those from whom the insult came ;
 Who having thus the saint derided,
 With terminations were provided
 Like mermen, and had tails and fins
 En-tailed upon them for their sins.*

Henrie the seconde, and Thomas Becket), saithe, that Becket (being at the length reputed for the Kings enemy) began to be so commonly neglected, contemned, and hated, that when as it ' happened him upon ' a time to come to *Stroude* the inhabitants thereabouts (being desirous ' to despite that good father) sticked not to cut the taile from the ' horse on which he roade, binding themselves thereby with a perpetual reproache: For afterwards (by the will of God) it so happened, ' that every one which came of that kinred of men which had plaied ' that naughty pranke, were borne with tailes, even as brute beasts be.' — *W. Lambard's Perambulation through Kent.*—1570.

* " Such another like tale did *Alexander Essebye* sometime write of *Augustine, Becket's* predecessour, (or rather founder) in that See: who, as he saith, when fish tailes were despitefully thrown at him

Why even the famous Democrat,*
 Who twists and turns poor silly Pat
 Around his thumb, and every year
 Squeezes some thirteen thousand clear,

by certaine men of *Dorsetshire*, was so furiously vexed therewith, that he called upon God for revenge, and he forthwith heard him, and strake them with tayles for their punishment."—*Lambard's Perambulation*.

The *Golden Legend* gives a somewhat different version of this story. St. Augustine came to a certaine town, inhabited by wicked people, who "refused hys doctryne and prechyng aterly, and drof hym out of the towne, castyng at hym the tayles of thornback, or lyke fysshes; wherefore he besought Almyghty God to shawe hys jugement on them; and God sent to them a shamefull token; for the chyl dren that were born after in the place, had tayles, as it is sayd, tyll they had repented them. It is said comynly that this fyll at Strode in Kente; but blyssed be Gode, at thys daye is no sach deformyte."—*Golden Legend*.

* Although I entertain a strong dislike to many points in the character of the great Agitator, I cannot but admire the indomitable spirit which has supported him through a long and stormy political career; during which he has devoted, with all the enthusiasm of youth, the collected energies of a powerful mind, to the removal of those grievances under which his country has so long laboured. That a leaven of selfishness should pervade such a character, is to be lamented; but if the effect produced be good, we should not too narrowly investigate the motives from whence it originated.

The following extract from *Blount's Glossographia*, 1674, may perhaps interest the curious reader.

"*Agitators*, in the year 1647, were two Souldiers, chosen out of each Regiment of the then Independent Army, to be *Agents* for their respective Regiments, and to sit in a kind of Council."

A curious instance of the extravagant notions entertained by this class of men, is given by *Walker* in his *History of Independency*: they were indeed, wholesale Reformers, or rather Destructives; and advocated a general confiscation of property throughout the kingdom; the produce of which was to "be equally divided between the officers and soldiers of the army, to satisfy their arrears, and recompence their good services."

Out of the people whom he knows
Are starving—that's *un autre chose*—
Which yet, I certes must condemn,
As mirth to him but death to them :
Why even he, behind him trails
The most voluminous of tails,
Composed of many a dirty fragment,
And never, one would think, to *wag* meant;
Which yet he twists about at will,
And brandishes with so much skill,
It serves to steer him through the storm,
And guide his somewhat portly form.

'Tis true, that sometimes in the strife,
A restless joint, endued with life
Falls off, and wriggling as it lies,
Toils in the mud awhile, and dies,
Having no strength, though strength it gives
To him by whose support it lives.
But this impedes him not—in short, he
Soon tacks another to the forty
Subservient joints, and primed for battle,
Before commencing sounds his rattle,
And he must be with strength endued
Who bears unhurt its onslaught rude.

This tail however, to be critical,
Is merely termed a tail political—
(For Party Leaders, ever made
Like Kites, with tails their flight to aid,
Cannot ascend on high to caper
Without such dirty bits of paper,
So greatly does a portly tail
These worthies in their flight avail)—
Such therefore can't be fairly classed,
With those to which I pointed last.

But friends, although I've clearly shewn
Why mankind did their tails disown,
I must confess the graver point
I've striven vainly to unjoint,
And that the Gordian-knot is still
Unopened—cut the links who will.

It seems however, clear to me,
Whate'er her origin may be,
That woman balanced in the scale
Of mental power, outweighs the male;
Since she, unmindful of the ban,
First plucked, and gave the fruit to man—
That fruit whose mortal taste, we know,
Brought death into the world, and wo—

And hence men say, her name's a gnomon,
Denoting what she brought them—*Wo-man!*

From this I think we may infer,
Since knowledge came to man from her,
And he by woman first was bit,
She far transcends the male in wit ;
And therefore all this deadly feud
To which the damned in Hell allude,
Arose, I'll fearlessly maintain,
From woman, striving to regain
Her proper place, and hold the rule
O'er one she can't but deem a fool.

Hence all those unperceived resources
In which the whole of woman's force is,
To this one point with matchless skill
And shrewdness, she directs at will :
Contrivances still pouring fresh in,
Till man surrenders at discretion,
And yields his back unto the saddle,
And lets her round his head so addle
The bridle throw, and slip the bit in—
To Gynecocracy submitting.

So various are the means she uses,
This one she coaxes, that abuses—

Now hangs out lights, as glow-worms do,
To entice the male to come and woo,*
And cheats him through his eyes—then teases—
Wheedles—twists—turns him as she pleases,
Until he yields, as most men do
To troubles which they can't get through.
The *weak*, o'er whom her net is thrown,
She manages by force alone,
Allowing him at times a burst
Of sunshine, lest too deeply cursed,
He might, by shortening his life,
Deprive her of such pleasant strife.
The *proud*, by seeming to admit
His sway in all things, 'till he's bit,
Nor deems when with her he confers,
He uses not *his eyes*, but *her's*.

Even stately Bishops have confessed,
(Grave *Latimer* among the rest)
How great the feat to rule a wife is,
Doubtless well knowing what the strife is

* “The light of the female glow-worm (as she often crawls up the stalk of a grass to make herself more conspicuous) is a signal to the male, which is a slender, dusky *scarabeus*.”—*White's Natural History of Selborne*.

By sad experience, a teacher
More eloquent than any preacher.*
In short, there seems no use in striving,
Since all who've ventured thus on wiveing,
The strong—the weak—the rich—the proud,
Alike beneath her yoke are bowed,
So quick she hooks the human fish in,
And brings them to this sad condition.

A Lydian King once ate his wife,†
To put an end to married strife,
No doubt a most ferocious act :
But modern times record a fact
To match this unpolite proceeding,
Which happened when a wife was breeding ;
Who, longing for her husband's flesh,
Killed him !—devouring while 'twas fresh
Her fill—the rest she put in salt
For future use—an heinous fault.‡

* " It is a great thing to rule a wife rightly."—*Bishop Latimer*.

† It was *Cambes*, a prince of *Lydia*, as *Ælian* informs us, who performed this unconjugal feat : but whether it resulted from extreme hunger, love, or the purpose mentioned in the text, he does not think proper to explain.

‡ " Longius affirms, that a lady in Cologne, who was in that state that ladies wish to be who love their lords, took such a fancy to taste

Of this however, her condition
Ought to extenuate the commission,
Since *love* no doubt, instead of *hate*,
Made her his exit antedate.
But other crimes that offer less
To palliate their wickedness,
Have been, and are committed, still,
By them to satisfy their will.

At Wylgeforte's shrine, of oats a peck
Wives pay, to break a husband's neck,
The saint providing for the nonce,
A horse that can be rode but once,
Who carries headlong to Old Nick
The spouse of whom the wife is sick.*

Nor is this saint their whole resource
For thus procuring a divorce,

the flesh of her husband, that she actually assassinated him; and after indulging in as much fresh meat as the weather permitted, salted the remainder for further use."—*Müllengen's Curiosities of Medical Experience*.

* "And yet is she wiser than St. Wylgeforte; for she, good soul, is, as they say, content to be served with oats, peradventure to provide a horse for an evil husband to ride to the devil, for that is the thing she is so sought for; insomuch that women have changed her name, and, instead of St. Wylgeforte, call her St. Uncumber, because they reckon that for a peck of oats she will not fail to uncumber them of their husbands."—*Sir Thomas More's Dyalogue on the Adoracion of Ymages*.

For every Sunday in the year,
 Crowds of impatient wives appear
 To honor good Winfarthing's sword—
 A relic by the sex adored,
 So great its use in short'ning lives
 Of husbands, hated by their wives.*

In marriage, Plato recommended,
 That different tempers should be blended—
 That men of disposition mild,
 Should match with females fierce and wild;
 In hopes a progeny between
 Such souls, would reach the golden mean,†

* Blomefield in his "*Norfolk*" states, that a curious shrine formerly existed at Winfarthing, in that County; which contained a precious relic, called "the good sword of Winfarthing." "It was efficient in the recovery of lost property, and of horses stolen or strayed, and in the still more important office of shortening the lives of refractory husbands. To obtain its interference in this way, the impatient help-mate was simply required to enter the church on every Sunday through the year, and set up a lighted candle before the relic." "This precious relic was originally the sword of a robber, who took sanctuary in the churchyard, but escaped through the negligence of the watchman, and left this sword behind him. It was laid up for many years in an old chest; but the parson and clerk at length striking on the idea of proclaiming it as a relic, drew it from its obscurity, and made a handsome revenue of their device."—*Retrospective Review*.

† "Different dispositions also are to be mingled together; so that a mild woman may be united to an irascible man, and an irascible woman to a tranquil man; in order that the offspring produced from

And thus to benefit the State
Damn two, to one another's hate.
No doubt a philosophic plan,
Thus to originate with man ;
But whether the inventor tried
The maxim when he chose a bride,
And to his own grave law obedient,
Plunged on the perilous expedient :
Or more magnanimously, shewed,
Like finger-post upon a road,
The path for others to pursue,
Being far too wise to follow too—
Remains a question to perplex
The advocates of either sex.
If he, like Curtius, for the nation
Thus hurried headlong to damnation,
I hold him fit, without apology,
To shine in Fox's Martyrology :
But if he calculated on
The nerves of others, not his own,

different dispositions, may, by the assistance of and advantage arising from such ordinances, be formed to better manners, and thus the city may be increased by the wealth of families constituted after this manner.—*Apuleius on the Doctrines of the Philosophy of Plato*.—Taylor's Translation.

And never personally tested
The scheme his policy suggested,
I deem it not worth a potato,
Although the progeny of Plato.

'Tis plain, even should the plan have missed
That others have pursued the system, [him,
Of which the numerous complaints
Poured forth by sinners and by saints,
Give proof, although the State may gain,
How dreadful is the human pain.

However, 'tis but right to own
The sombre picture I have shewn
Of woman's frailty, takes its course
Direct from a polluted source,
Being sketched by the condemned below,
When questioned on their cause of woe,
And is not one, I must confess,
On which we ought to lay a stress.

How shall we then decide?—You ask.—
Aye, that's indeed an awful task.—
What say you, as a last resource,
To steer a safe and middle course—

One which to neither side shall lean,
And yet the truth we covet, glean ?
It strikes me, friends, a jury might
Of either sex, set matters right ;
And that six wise and sapient females,
Matched with a like amount of *the* males,
Would be enabled to extract
From various evidence, the fact,
And thus inform us where the blame
Should rest—on man or woman's name.

Abaddon ceased—but this grave measure,
Which he no doubt esteemed a treasure
Of diabolical sagacity,
Was battered with great pertinacity
By many sapient Imps. 'Twas said
By one, that if this plan was laid,
The jury never could decide
The important cause before them tried ;
Since either sex would argue strong
For that to which they did belong,
So that 'mid uproar and confusion,
They ne'er would come to a conclusion.

K

Another doubted strongly, whether
They safely could be brought together,
And thought it probable, that when
The women, mingled with the men,
Were placed within the jury box,
They'd "*Will I—Nill I,*" fall to knocks!

At length when after long debate
The jaded House impatient sate,
Old Nick arose with due decorum,
And deftly laid *his* plan before 'em;
Just at that happy time when all
Were glad on any scheme to fall,
That might relieve them from the pain
Of walking round the course again.

'Tis needless to repeat his speech—
The compliments dispensed to each,
Or how, by hints most subtly thrown,
He made the plan appear their own:
Enough, that 'twas *nem. con.* decreed
A demon should to earth proceed,
For ten long years to undergo,
(Haste mars the best laid plans we know)
The various ills that men are heirs to,
Their hopes and passions, wants and cares too;

And lest the project should miscarry,
It was ordained the Imp should marry,
And thus in person verify
Of man's report, the truth or lie.

But here a difficulty rose
Enough the gravest head to pose—
For lo! when this sage plan was voted,
And all instructions booked, and noted,
The task so dreadful did appear,
None could be found to volunteer;
Each striving, for some private end,
To shove the duty on a friend,
Who thought the married state, alas!
A fiery ordeal to pass,
And therefore shunned the proffered bait,
Preferring far in Hell to wait.

Old Nick, at length, on finding none
Could be by bribes or flattery won
To undertake the doubtful trial,
Waxed wroth at every fresh denial:
Until at last he swore by Styx,
By casting lots, on one to fix,

Since he was bound to ascertain
If man with justice did complain ;
Or whether, as he half believed,
The caitiff had his ears deceived :—
For be it noted, quoth old “ *Cloutie*,”
Wiping his features grim and sooty—
Our judges but one side have heard,
And though they hotly have averred
From man’s report, that wives are furies,
’Twas so decided by *male* juries.
Now ’twould impugn our justice much,
Should we so nice a matter touch—
So subtle in its grave details,
Merely upon the faith of *males*,
When ’tis from actual proof alone,
Its truth or falsehood can be known.

Thus having said, he bade them cast
The lots with all convenient haste,
To Minos, as chief Judge, confiding
A task that worthy took great pride in.
Meanwhile the startled multitude
Around in mute amazement stood,
Each wrapt in such a desperate taking,
Their limbs like aspen leaves were shaking—

While copious sweat from every hide,
And various odours, testified
The great fear entertained by all,
Lest on their heads the lot should fall.

On BELFEGOR, the mission fell,
A merry, cock-eyed, imp of Hell,
Than whom, 'twas known beyond denial,
None could be fitter for the trial :
But whether by some dexterous sleight,
The lot was made on him to light,
I'm not prepared to say, since most
Of the minute details are lost.

Behold him then, well fitted out,
Take leave of the infernal rout,
And haste, although with sore misgiving,
Above, to join the quick and living,
Doomed for a space to dwell with men !

“Returned from earth what said he then ?”

What said he ?—Ere a year was gone
He hurried back so pale and wan,

The wondering demons scarcely knew
Their ancient crony, leal and true,
But thought at first ere he had spoken,
’Twas some damned soul from limbo broken!
For oh! when asked how he had fared,
The miserable Imp declared
With lifted hands, he’d rather dwell
For twenty thousand years in Hell,
Than pass another year of strife
With that infernal plague, a Wife!

THE END.

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